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THE DREYFUS CASE, by de Blowitz; and
A TALK WITH PRESIDENT McKINLEY

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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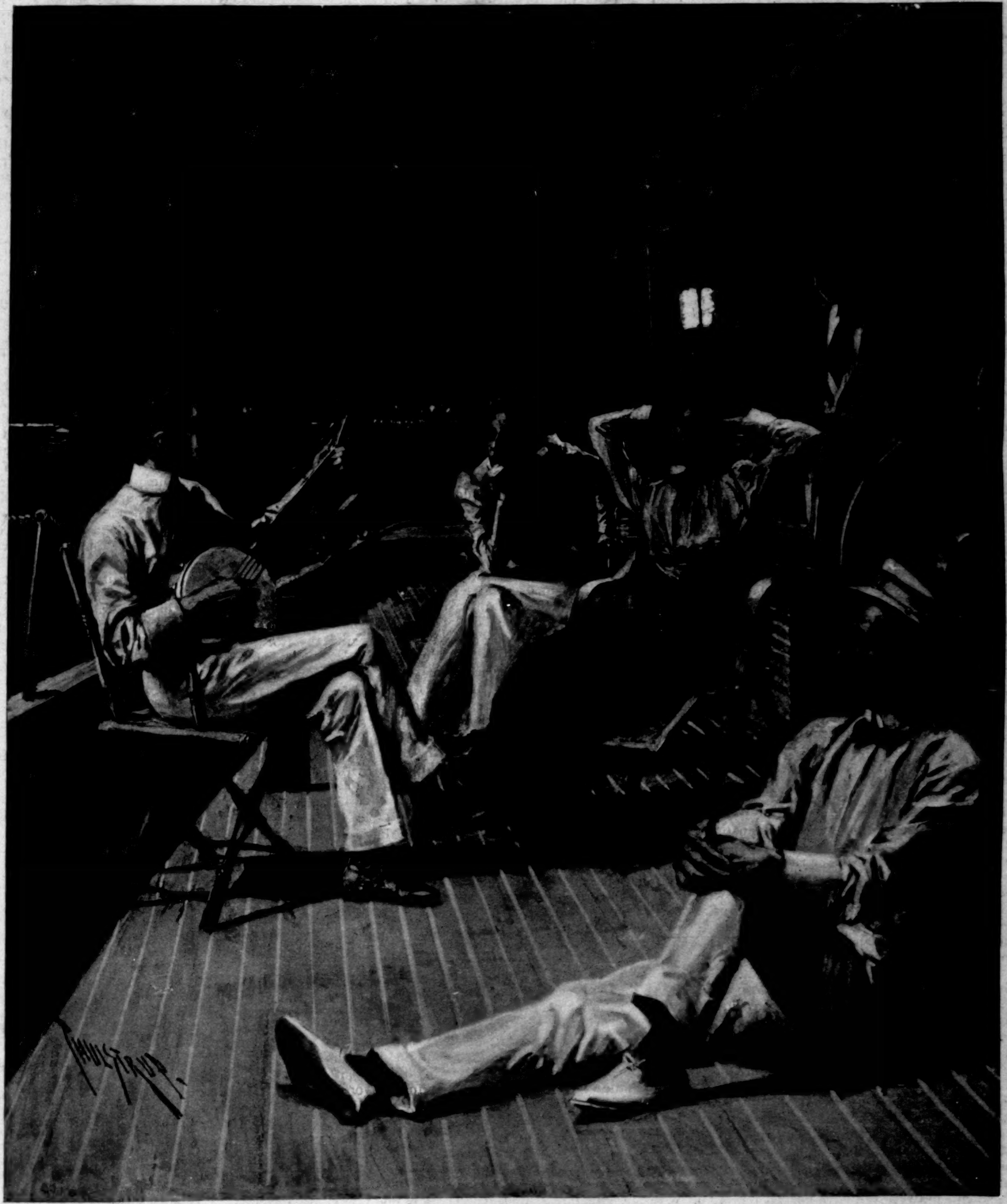

THE CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—A PLEASANT EVENING IN HARBOR.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

Harper's Weekly

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

New York City, August 19, 1899

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The Cleveland Strike

THE employment of the boycott as an assistance in a strike is a new development in the art of bringing pressure to bear upon employers. The strike in Cleveland possesses many features of interest, and is worthy of the careful study of the sociologist. Its origin is somewhat obscure, like the origin of most strikes and lock-outs. The men had a grievance against the street-railway company, arising mainly, as we read the newspaper reports, out of a rearrangement of trips, which they did not like. But, like most grievances of this character, the cause of complaint of the Cleveland motormen and conductors must seem inadequate to the outsider. The reason for this is probably that the outsider does not, and in the nature of things cannot, fully appreciate the history of the past relations between the striking employés and the corporation's administrative agents. He cannot know the constant friction between the two parties, which may have led up to a climax, when the slightest suggestion of more drastic conditions, or even of slight change in the routine of work, will set off the train which had long been in the process of laying.

Whatever may have been the remote cause of the present strike, the strike itself has been characterized by unusual violence. As the London *Spectator* points out, it seems more like a civil war than like a labor movement. From the first the strikers have been in an angry mood. Their assemblages have been tumultuous mobs. They have even had murder in their hearts, and have made deadly assaults upon the company's cars and upon the passengers in them with dynamite and other weapons and missiles. The troops have been called out, and killing has been done by the agents of the company, either by reason of the loss of head on the part of the men who have been trying to run the cars, on account of the nervous conditions engendered by the danger menacing them, or in the actual defence of lives and property intrusted to their care.

It is certain that the violence of the strikers has cost them the sympathy of the country outside of Cleveland, although it seems as though they were not without the sympathy of a large part of the population of that city. This, as our correspondent points out, may be due to the fact that Cleveland is a manufacturing city, containing a large number of operatives, who naturally sympathize with their fellow-workmen. It is clear, however, that so far in the history of labor risings violence on the part of strikers discourages sympathetic movements. The time may come when violence will beget co-operation, and when the mobbing of a street-car line and its patrons by strikers will excite other working-men engaged in kindred employments to go out in sympathy with the strikers, and even to indulge in co-operating assaults. That time is not yet come, and there are as yet no signs of its approach. The *Spectator* thinks that violent strikes are more usual in the republics of the United States and France than elsewhere, and believes that the cause may be found in the more tyrannical and undemocratic conditions of industrial life which it supposes to prevail in a republic. This explanation strikes us as not only fanciful, but untrue. The relations between capital and labor are pretty much the same all the world over, and strikes in England, for example, afford quite as much evidence of bitter hostility existing between men and masters as do strikes in France and our own country. We have not yet forgotten the great strike of the London longshoremen. If violence is really more frequent here than in monarchical countries, it is because of the greater opportunity for it, and because of the greater hesitancy of the authorities to resort to shooting. On the other hand, it is perfectly true that the community here judges the side which resorts to force with great harshness. Whether it is the sheriff or the militia officer who shoots, or the strikers who resort to dynamite, the aggressor becomes unpopular. It is only a few months ago that the *Spectator* advanced the opinion, apropos of Sheriff MARTIN'S defence of the law at Hazleton, that the American officer of the law is habitually "too quick on the trigger." Every American knows that this is a false view of the American law-officer; but it is no more false than the view now suggested by the same journal touching the unusual hostility here existing between capital and labor. The truth is that the American public does not love violence and killing, and the party that assaults and shoots is likely to lose standing *coram populo*.

The Cleveland strikers, realizing that they had lost ground through a resort to violence, have established the boycott. Persons who ride on the cars of the offending company are "spotted," and local merchants are ordered not to sell to them. If the merchants disobey the order, or even innocently make the mistake of selling to a boycotted person, they are themselves made the victims of the boycott, and persons are ordered not to deal with them. The tyranny exercised by the strikers is enormous and often cruel. Persons who ride on the boycotted cars find it difficult to buy the necessaries of life. They are obliged to resort to subterfuge to obtain food and drink, and the inconveniences to which they are put constitute but a small part of the hardships of these victims of this irresponsible and despotic rule. There must be cases where the ill and suffering have been greatly endangered and possibly injured by the difficulties which have been encountered by boycotted car-riders who have sought to procure necessary medicaments for their relatives and friends. We do not recall any such tyranny in time of peace in the history of this country. It is incidentally a capital illustration of the despotism of which a mob is capable, and furnishes ample food for reflection to those who doubt that realized socialism will be tyrannous, that wrong and injustice will inevitably be done the individual when he is entirely at the mercy of the will and whims of the community.

Moreover, this method of the street-car strikers is that method of the trusts against which the most rational complaint is directed. The trusts are denounced as tyrannous because they kill competition by driving small dealers out of business. The principle which is supposed to be so harmful when applied to trade is that a great combination of corporations or of capital exercises the power which its wealth gives to it to prevent a small corporation or an individual from competing with it by selling goods similar to the trust's. It drives such a competitor out of business, sometimes by a reduction of prices, and sometimes by forbidding customers to trade with the rival under pain of being refused the privilege of buying the goods made by the trust. What difference is there in principle between the tyrannous trusts which boycott their competitors and the customers of their competitors, and the tyrannous strikers of Cleveland, who refuse not only to permit the people of the city to ride on the cars of the offending corporation, but to trade with those who do, or with those who in any way disregard their boycott orders? Both the trusts and the strikers employ their powers—one the power of wealth and the other the power of numbers—to deprive the individual of his liberty. Both seek to destroy the right of freedom of contract. Both of them violate the spirit of the institutions of the country, the very essence of democracy. No just war can be carried on against the evils of trusts which does not include a war against the tyranny of organized labor as it is practised by the striking street-car employés of Cleveland. And for this reason, as well as for the unusual violence which has marked it, we may expect to find, as a result of this strike, a more rational view of trusts and a clearer perception of what is good and what is evil in them. As for organized labor itself, it has once more given evidence that, with all the soundness of the principle underlying it and calling it into being, it is still prone to listen too frequently to the words of folly that invite to deeds of madness.

IN another part of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be found an interesting statement as to the views of the President, which consists of a series of conclusions drawn from a conversation with Mr. MCKINLEY himself. There is one point only on which it is our purpose at the present time to make any comment. If Mr. MCKINLEY'S view as to the future of the Philippines is correct, if, in other words, Congress supports him in his purpose to retain the islands, it is sincerely to be hoped that they will remain under military control until Congress provides a form of government which shall include a colonial service resting on the merit system. American military rule in the islands from which we have driven Spain, and in which peace prevails, has turned out to be the best rule which these long-suffering provinces of Spain have ever had. Cuba, for example, as the WEEKLY has pointed out before, has never known quite so much political happiness as it is now enjoying. Its revenues are honestly collected, and the importers of the island are no longer obliged to count bribery as one of the expenses of their business. These revenues not only pay the expenses of the island, but there promises to be a surplus, which may be devoted to improvements still more important than any which have yet been made. Under Spanish rule there was a deficit—that is, the island was an expense to Spain. At the same time nothing was done in the way of public improvements, while under the rule of the American officers the cities have been cleaned, property and persons are protected, and a free-school system is about to be established. A similar tale may be narrated of Puerto Rico. The main point is that all the good which has been accomplished is the work of honest and efficient men, of trained men, who have risen to be general officers in the army. They, and officers of the navy, are the only trained men the government has for the doing of this work of governing her colonies, and of repairing the ruin wrought by Spain and the war. Any others sent at this time to take charge of the affairs of these distant peoples would necessarily be untried, if not untrained, men, selected by the authorities on the recommendation of Congressmen and other politicians. Some men thus selected might be nearly or quite as efficient as officers of the army and navy, but they would not be nearly so independent or free from ulterior motives. Many of them would necessarily be under influences antagonistic to good administration, and most of them would be the average spoilsmen.

TAMMANY is suffering intensely. Not only are the Aldermen rebellious; not only is Mr. MOSS laying bare the despotism and corruption of the organization; but Mr. JOHN SHEEHAN is out in open war on CROKER, and threatens to drive him out of politics. It is probably true that the internecine wars are partly the consequences of the revelations made by the investigation of the MAZET committee. The public now understands the reason why CROKER is apparently rich, and the nefarious methods of the organization. It is clear to the most amiable and obtuse that wherever business men have relations with the city government, as managed by Tammany, they must buy from the boss or his subordinates all the trade which they get. The Tammany politicians must be made members of corporations, as FRANK CROKER, the boss's son, was made a member of the Roebling Construction Company, or some direct form of bribery must be resorted to, if the corporations are to "do business" with the municipality. Contractors are not employed on the public works, and merchants and manufacturers are not dealt with, unless they are in favor at the Democratic Club or Tammany Hall, and the favor must be purchased at a high price, which, of course, is eventually paid by the tax-payers. Wherever the article dealt in by a firm or corporation comes within the jurisdiction of a city bureau or official, as fire-proofing material comes for acceptance or rejection before the Building Department, the manufacturer or dealer must "square" the "hall" or the "boss," or he cannot sell his commodity in the metropolis. Thus nearly all business men who have to do with building or paving, or who have to obtain dock or street facilities from the city, or who in any way are dependent upon official countenance, are under the grinding tyranny of the irresponsible "boss," who approaches more nearly the typical mediæval robber baron than any specimen of his kind in modern times has done—and when we say this we do not forget recent successful bandits of Greece and Italy. In his raids in politics and business CROKER has run counter to JOHN C. SHEEHAN and JOHN D. CRIMMINS, and these men have lasting resentments, acute hatreds, and followers. The Aldermen, being small men, and therefore the first to be panic-stricken, scent coming danger from the revelations of the MAZET committee, and are consequently in revolt. They hear from the people of their wards, and are convinced that the scandal of the new Tammany rule must result in the defeat of the organization at the next election; and, indeed, CROKER and his pals have so conducted themselves as to warrant the conclusion that they too look for a short reign, and purpose to make it a merry and a fruitful one. If all these fears and vengeances are realized, honest men will not be unhappy.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

A BUSY lawyer of New York, who is working through August, while some of his partners are undergoing their vacations, declared the other night that it was his soul's secret desire to write a play that should differ from the current play of theatrical commerce in being worth going to see. He spoke with grief of the laborious discomfort he had undergone last winter in seeking entertainment in the theatres and seldom finding it, and protested that though the composition of any sort of effectual literature was only too apt to be an exhausting exercise, he meant some time to devote as much as a week of his vacation to producing a real play that it would be some pleasure to see.

Persons who are recruiting their energies in preparations for the demands next winter's playwrights will make upon them will hope that his determination may hold out. They will also be interested to know that, pending the creation of this masterpiece, Miss Mary Wilkins's novel, *Jerome, a Poor Man*, has been dramatized by persons whose identity has not yet been disclosed, and will be brought out next winter in New York, with Mr. Walter E. Perkins as *Jerome*.

Mr. Perkins is the actor who had a recent and very pronounced success in "My Friend from India."

Jerome was published as a serial in the WEEKLY, and has been widely read, as it deserves to be, in book form. It will be recalled as a story unusually rich in striking scenes and in unusual and strongly marked characters. There will be chances in it for more than one actor to make a hit.

THE government report for the fiscal year of 1898–9 gives some interesting information about the use of tobacco. Domestic cigars are consumed as extensively as ever; for though only 4,530,000,000 were produced, as against 4,542,000,000 the year before, it is explained that the apparent decrease is accounted for by the extreme diligence of the cigar factories early in 1898 to turn out an extra supply of cigars before the tax was raised.

The manufacture of cigarettes, after growing steadily for twelve years, until it exceeded 4,000,000,000 a year, has fallen off about 300,000,000. This may be an effect of increased taxation, or may be due to the industry with which the idea has been diffused that cigarettes contain the seeds of every known disease and of every crime. The exportation of American cigarettes, it is observed, has increased considerably. We exported over a billion of them last year.

It is matter of general observation that among the self-indulgent whose revenues are in reasonable accord with their tastes the use of Egyptian and Turkish cigarettes has very greatly increased within the last two years. They are sold extensively, and many new brands of them have appeared in the market. They cost from two to six times as much as the cigarettes made of Virginia tobacco, smell much worse, and probably accomplish their deadly work in less time and with greater certainty.

The convenient but much-disparaged habit of chewing tobacco is rapidly declining in this country. Missouri manufactured 5,000,000,000 pounds less last year than the year before—an indirect result, perhaps, of the defeat of Bryan and consequent despondency of the Democracy. New Jersey and Kentucky each showed a falling off of about the same amount. It is owing to this decrease in the consumption of the chewing-tobaccos that, although the use of the cheap smoking-tobaccos has largely increased, the amount of manufactured tobaccos was 57,000,000 pounds less than the total (294,000,000 pounds) of the year before. But the exports of chewing-tobacco increased last year 73,000 pounds, showing that the rest of the world is not improving as fast as we are.

A FRIEND of the WEEKLY, who has written to it at some length from the German university where he is amassing wisdom, makes some interesting and rather novel comments on German education and character as they impress him after two or three years of observation. "An American, he says, "who has lived five years in France or England is in danger of losing his Americanism. But in Germany this cannot happen in a lifetime, for the German is no more able to force his civilization on the Anglo-Saxon here than in America." One might demur a little to that, for the German has brought certain details of his civilization with him when he has come to us—his beer and his music, especially, and the combinations in which he likes to enjoy them—and we have accepted them very hospitably. Still, in the main most of us will agree that the German who comes here assimilates Americanism with wonderful ease and speed and completeness. The reason of it, according to our present correspondent, is that the average German is kept so continuously in leading-strings at home that his development is not completed unless he gets out of his own country. Our observer says:

The higher university courses of Germany are admirable, and attract, as you know, hundreds of foreign students. The earlier training of the German boys is, however, in some ways very faulty. They are kept in school under a discipline so strict as to prevent the development of a manly, self-reliant character. I had it direct from an American boy, who was sent to school in Göttingen, that in one morning twenty-nine out of thirty-three boys were whipped for breaking rules so petty that he himself did not know for what the boys were being punished. The German boys were afraid to quarrel with him, as they had the desire to do, because, as they told him, they thought he would tell the teacher; and, in fact, the teacher had the habit of openly praising any boy who would tell on his comrades. Later the German is surrounded by such a strictly enforced set of police regulations that he does not settle his unpleasantness by fist-fighting, but by informing the police, or, in the case of the upper classes, especially students and officers, by duelling. The result is that the German is a man in physical development with the bearing and spirit of a cowed child, always ready to get red in the face and lash with his tongue, with no sense of shame to restrain him from showing spite and petty jealousy, and with insufficient individuality or ability to impress others with his real worth. The women carry themselves too much like servants. The banker, mayor, or important business man is not to be distinguished by the outward impression he makes from the clodhopper. When a German goes to America he is a blank page, on which our powerful nationality begins at once to print its impressions. Around her own borders, too, Germany is being constantly invaded by other nationalities, as indeed the Germans themselves admit. If a German woman marries near the border, say a Pole, the children are Poles in sympathy and character. If a German man marries a Polish woman, the same is true. Recently from Schleswig-Holstein there have been forcible ejections of the inhabitants over the border for this reason. A native of Alsace wishes to be considered a Frenchman. I imagine that in America we look on the German as good-natured and harmless, because it is quite impossible for him to retain the more disagreeable trait he has in his home, of saying mean, cutting things for the mere pleasure of it, and of acting in a similar way. The German here is good natured too at times—in fact, most of the time. One begins to like him; something comes up where he is put to the test to show his thoroughbred gentlemanlike qualities, and they are not forth-coming. Then before one's slowly growing disgust has time to mature he is again good-natured, has wholly forgotten his recent behavior, and if one is not immediately reconciled one is called *garstig*, which means dirty, nasty, sulky. One has taken him too seriously.

The reader will of course use his own judgment as to the degree of confidence he puts in this delineation of German character. As our correspondent sees them, the Germans, as a rule, lack distinction, and are liable, under stress of temper, to behave in a way which does not accord with our notions of dignity. As raw material of civilization they are strong and serviceable. As matured products they seem to him to lack development and finish. His criticism that they lack self-reliance is of interest in connection with what was said in the WEEKLY last week about the reluctance of the Germans to assert their constitutional rights as against the encroachments of autocracy in the person of their aggressive Emperor. No doubt William knows his Germans, and is aware of how great a gift of submissiveness is combined in them with unquestionable strength.

Some things we know by observation in this country about Germans—that they are orderly and industrious; that no class of Europeans is more welcome here; that none merges more quickly into the resident population and becomes bone of our bone with less reserve. The German in America has a sentiment for the father-land, but it is a sentiment that no American fears. He does not look back, but forward, and the future that concerns him most is the future of the United States. Last year in this country there seemed to be a German sentiment that was almost universal against the war with Spain. There was scarcely a newspaper in the country controlled by men of German birth or derivation that was not against the war. It excited remark because it is so very unusual for the Germans in America, as a class, to be identified with a particular opinion in national politics.

One of the marvels of our country is its extraordinary power to assimilate and amalgamate foreign elements. The Americans of the United States, augmented by a continuous inflow of all sorts of foreign stocks, have still the prospect of becoming one of the most homogeneous nations under the sun. The only perplexing element we have is the negro.

THERE is a rumor, caught in London and communicated to the New York *Times*, that important changes are to be made in *Punch*, including, it appears, "an infusion of serious comment and discussion, and some alteration in size and price." If the report is verified, it will be a hard blow to American confidence in the stability of things British. The understanding in this country has been that though change and decay pursued their ceaseless course over here, in England there was such a thing as stability even in the periodical business, and that a journal or a magazine, once thoroughly established, might go on infinitely wearing the same dress, saying the same sort of things in the same sort of way. If *Punch* takes a new departure, it will go far to shake faith in this theory. The times must be restless across the water, and taste must be vacillating indeed if *Punch* feels the need of keeping up with them.

One of the difficulties of maintaining a humorous paper is the tendency of the men who make it to grow old. Du Maurier never grew old in *Punch*, neither did Leech nor Keene, and Tenniel's work is not of a sort to be impaired by the seriousness which is liable to develop with maturity. For seriousness is prone to grow in men whose minds are good for anything, especially in writers, so that they get tired of being funny, and feel that the sort of discourse that became them at thirty is not equally becoming at forty-five. There should always be a strong infusion of youth—*real* youth—in a humorous paper. Very likely it would be well for *Punch*, and all papers of its sort, to drown or pension off its editor every ten or fifteen years, and get a new one, to whom some jokes will seem new, and whom the follies of mankind will not impress like old familiar friends which it is brutal to assail and unkind to laugh at.

WEST POINT does much more than its share of the work of furnishing stories to the newspapers, and very much too large a proportion of what is published as news from West Point is not true. Stories of hazing, or of disparities of sentiment between the cadets and their governors, almost always get a serious twist in them before they get into print, and are usually substantially untrue. The recent yarn that two cadets had been crowded out of the Military Academy because they were Jews turns out, as was to have been expected, to be wholly fabulous. Two cadets resigned, and one of them seems to have been a Jew, but they resigned not because life at West Point is any more wearisome to a Hebrew than to a Christian, but apparently because they had unwisely beguiled certain of their leisure by spread-eagling a Plebe. Plebes don't much mind being spread-eagled, but the officers of the Academy hate it, and discourage experiments in it with rigorous severity. Cadet Albert, who resigned rather than stand trial for his indiscretion, says his being a Jew never made him any trouble at West Point, and former cadet Apfel, of the same class, who also resigned, has accounted for it to a reporter of the *Sun* by acknowledging that, being used to untrammelled liberty and home comforts in Rivington Street, New York, where he was brought up, he found the restraints of West Point discipline irksome. Moreover, he could see no very bright outlook for a young man in the army, and feeling that it was better to sit in a comfortable law-office than to be out-of-doors drilling in all sorts of weather, and concluding that there was more money in the law business than in soldiering anyway, he resigned. But "as for cadets or professors persecuting Hebrews, the story," says Apfel, "is absurd."

THERE is not much prospect, therefore, of a Dreyfus case in the United States army, and we will do well to try to gather all the experience we need of such cases from the one now so much to the fore in France. We have been getting the details of the new trial very fully in the newspapers—at magnificent cost for cable rates to some one—and few of us have achieved so sweeping an inattention to all the Dreyfus literature as not to know pretty accurately what the trial is about, and with what particular details of accusation or proof the questions and answers are concerned.

About Dreyfus personally the most illuminating material that has come to light is the *Letters written to his Wife from Prison*, which have lately been published in English (Harpers). They were written between December, 1894, the time of his arrest, and the spring of 1898, when, overwhelmed with sadness, he ceased to write. All of them passed under the eyes of his jailers. There is little narrative in them, for he was not suffered to write of his surroundings. They are almost wholly expressions of feeling, protestations of his innocence, and words of encouragement and affection. Madame Dreyfus published the letters, under the title of *Lettres d'un Innocent*, as the only answer possible to the endless charges and pretensions of the anti-Dreyfusite French press that Dreyfus was a libertine and a miscellaneous scoundrel, and that to be a traitor accorded with the other infamies of his private character. The letters are effective for their purpose. Again and again appears in them Dreyfus's cry, repeatedly uttered during his examination on August 7: "I am innocent! It is iniquitous to condemn an innocent man!" Whoever reads them must follow the trial with greater interest than ever, and that is much to say, for while that trial lasts it will engross the lion's share of Christendom's attention.

A GENTLEMAN known to the New York *Sun*, and endorsed by that paper as solvent and thoroughly responsible, has read Edwin Markham's poem about "The Man with a Hoe," and feels so strongly that it misrepresents the agricultural laborer, that he has offered three considerable prizes for poems adapted to correct the impression that Mr. Markham's verses leave. He says that if Mr. Markham's Man with a Hoe is meant to be a type of those who use farming tools for a living, the poem does wrong to a multitude of citizens, every one of whom may reasonably resent the imputation that he has "the emptiness of ages in his face," and is a "monstrous thing" and "brother to the ox." He says that there are lots of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the farm-work their fathers did is distasteful to them, and multitudes of young men everywhere who feel that common work is beneath them, and that they must earn their living in some way that is "genteel." These, he says, are the real brothers of the ox.

Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned, and bringing distress upon those dependent on them, because they have lost that true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labor with his hands, who wields the hoe, and is the master of his destiny?

For him who best sings this "bitter song of the incapables" the *Sun's* Mæcenas offers a purse of $400, with $200 for the next best singer, and $100 for the third. The judges to be the editor of the *Sun*, Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. E. C. Stedman, if they will serve. All poems to be sent in (to the *Sun*) before October 15.

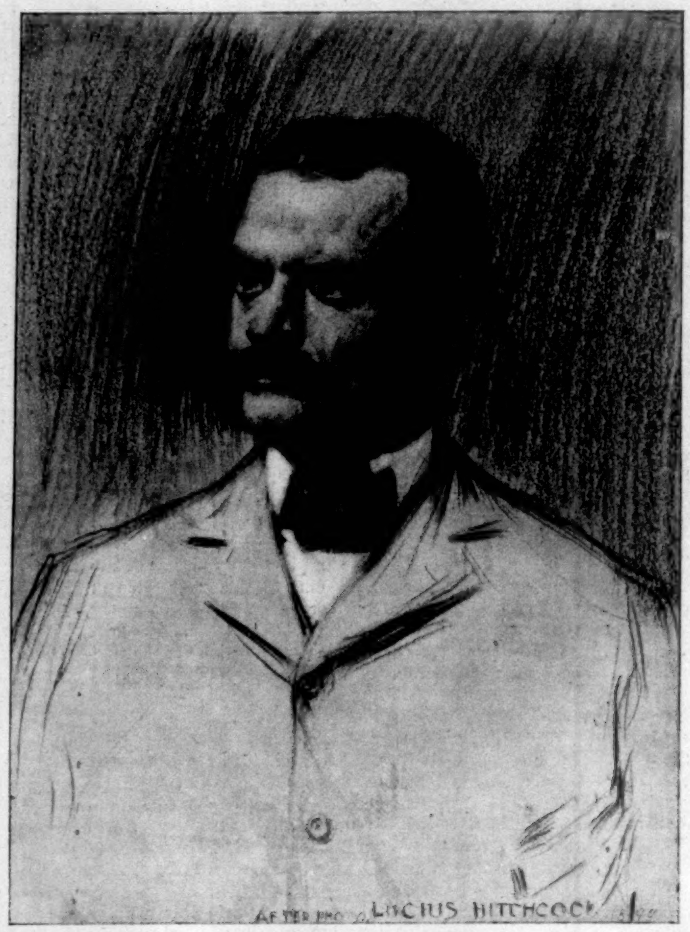
It seems doubtful, however, if Mr. Markham has bothered his head about the condition of the American farmer. What he seems to have done has been to extract the poetry from a picture. The Man with a Hoe is Millet's man—not Markham's. Markham isn't to blame for him, for he did not invent him, but merely transferred him from paint into verse. It is an interesting and by no means a bad way to make poems. A picture that is worth anything has abundance of thought in it. Extract or interpret that thought, throw it into suitable practical form, and—there you are. It is quite as practicable as the reversed process which is carried out whenever an artist illustrates a poem.

The Bridgeport Trolley Disaster

NOT in half a century has there happened in Connecticut a disaster attended with so great loss of life as that caused by the trolley accident near Bridgeport, on Sunday, August 6. The Shelton Street Railway Company had recently completed an extension of its line to Stratford, which was opened for traffic on that day. About six miles north of Bridgeport is a stream known as Peck's, originally one of those wide, shallow streams common in the New England and Middle States, but which had been drained when the railroad was built, and is now but a bed of soft mud, spanned by a high trestle bridge four hundred feet long.

About three o'clock on Sunday afternoon a car filled with residents of Bridgeport and near-by places came along. There is a slight incline just before the bridge is reached, and after climbing this the motorman went ahead at full speed. About ten feet from the south end of the bridge the car left the track. Those near by say that the laughing voices of the passengers were suddenly hushed, there was the silence of a dread fear for a moment, and then, as the car toppled off the bridge, a series of agonizing screams. As the car fell it turned over, and the heavy motors crashed through the floor, crushing and maiming many of the passengers, and suffocating others in the soft mud.

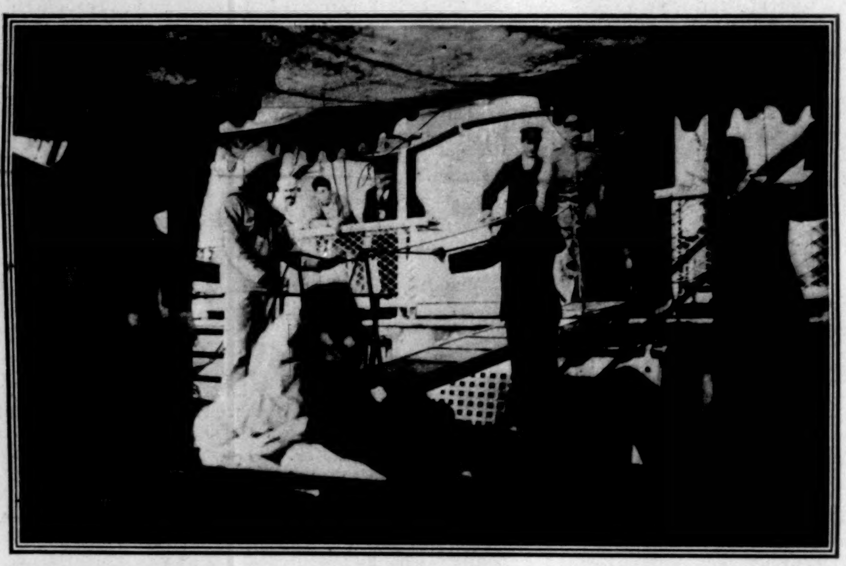
The exact responsibility for the disaster has not yet been fixed. The motorman apparently failed to shut off the power and apply the brake; and it is also said that the bridge was hastily constructed or incomplete.



WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

The Mount Desert Horror

THE Maine Central Railroad made arrangements to run four excursion trains to Bar Harbor on August 6, to take people from the interior to see the ships of the North Atlantic Squadron. The ferry-boat *Sappho*, which had been sent to Mount Desert from Bar Harbor, could carry but one-third of the excursionists. This fact becoming known, the crowd surged forward to board the boat. The guards who had been stationed at points to see that the crowd moved in an orderly manner were swept rudely aside by the people already on the pier, while hundreds more crowded in upon the scene. At this time a report similar to that of an explosion rent the air, and the people who had gained the decks of the *Sappho* saw the pier part in the middle, and the people upon it sink into the water. It was some minutes before the panic-stricken onlookers could make any attempt at rescuing those that were struggling in the waves; but finally they began in earnest, and by using landing-stages, planks, ladders, and other available objects that would float, succeeded in saving many lives. Too high praise cannot be bestowed upon those excursionists who suddenly became a life-saving body, which, after pulling those who had been fighting for life ashore half dead, proceeded with the work of resuscitation, as there were no doctors present. When the doctors finally arrived there was a scene of great activity at the hotel, and many were brought around in short order. The work of recovering the drowned was done by a government diver, who performed his task in three hours.



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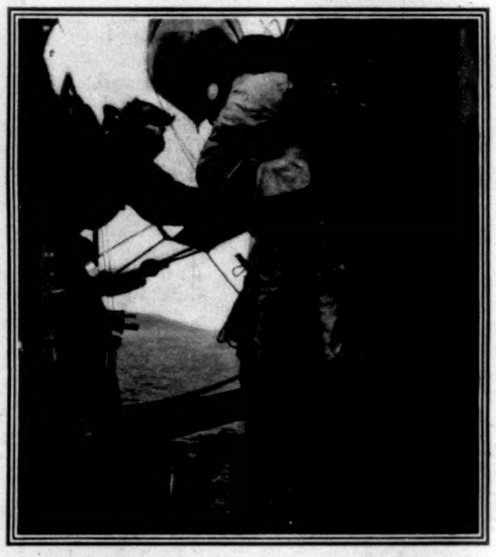


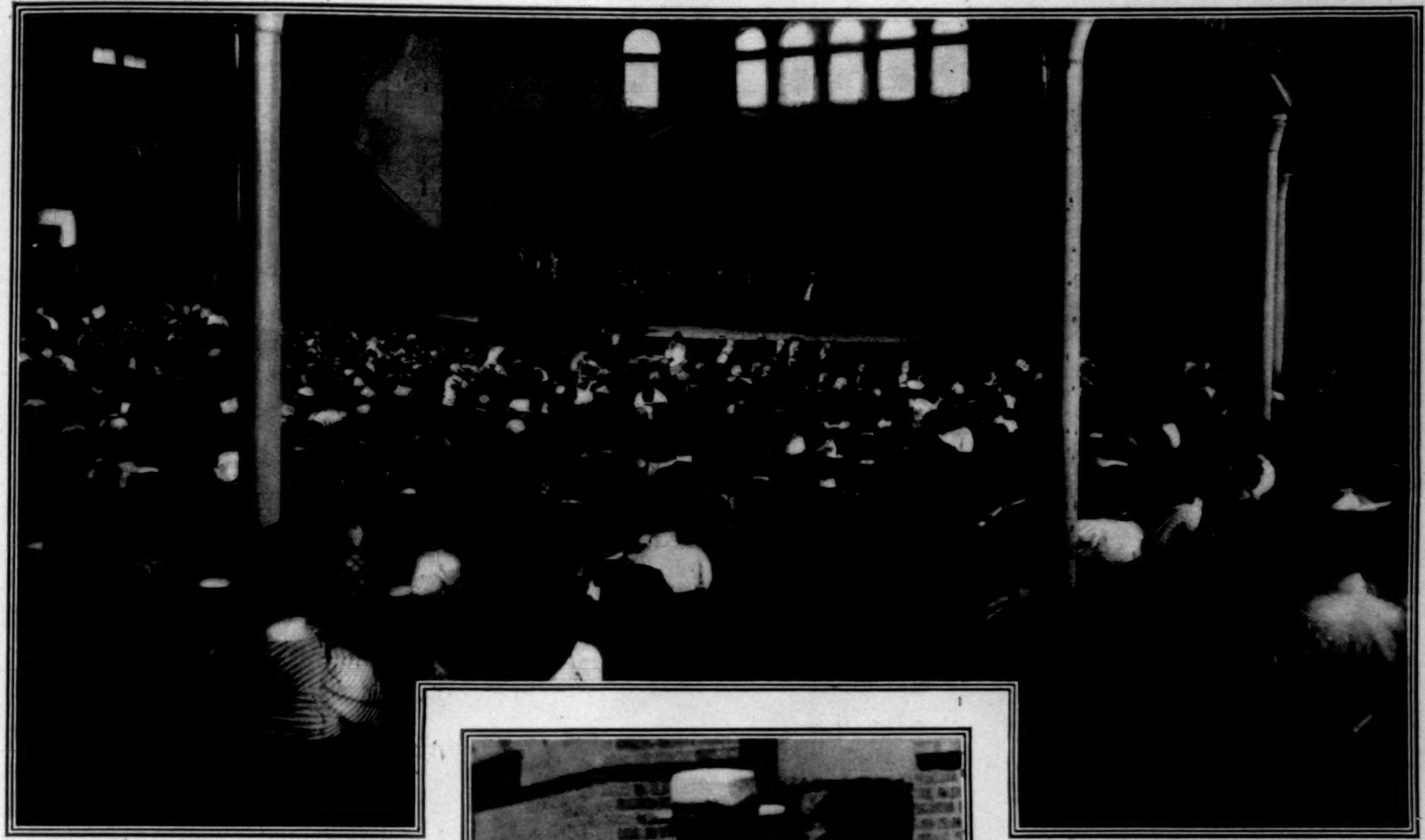
CARRYING ASHORE A MAN TOO WEAK TO WALK.

A CONVALESCENT.

RED CROSS AND STATE REPRESENTATIVES WELCOMING THE SICK SOLDIERS.

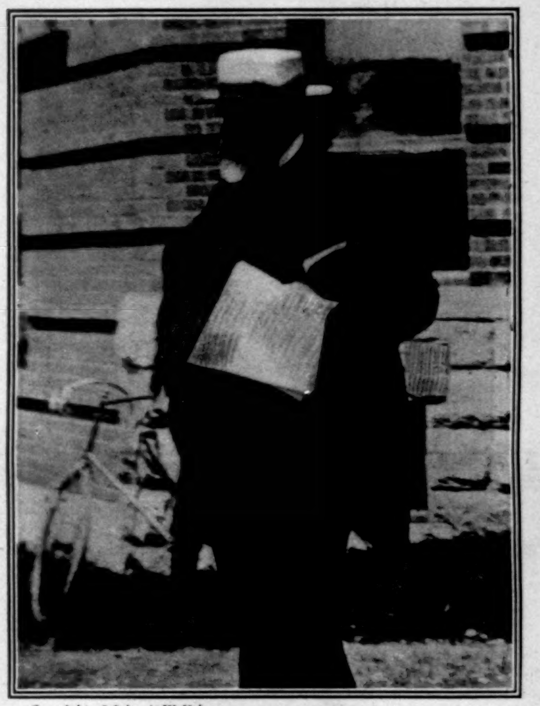
HOME, SWEET HOME!—THE RETURN OF THE U. S. HOSPITAL-SHIP "RELIEF" FROM MANILA.

[SEE PAGE 812.]



VIEW OF AUDITORIUM DURING THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN



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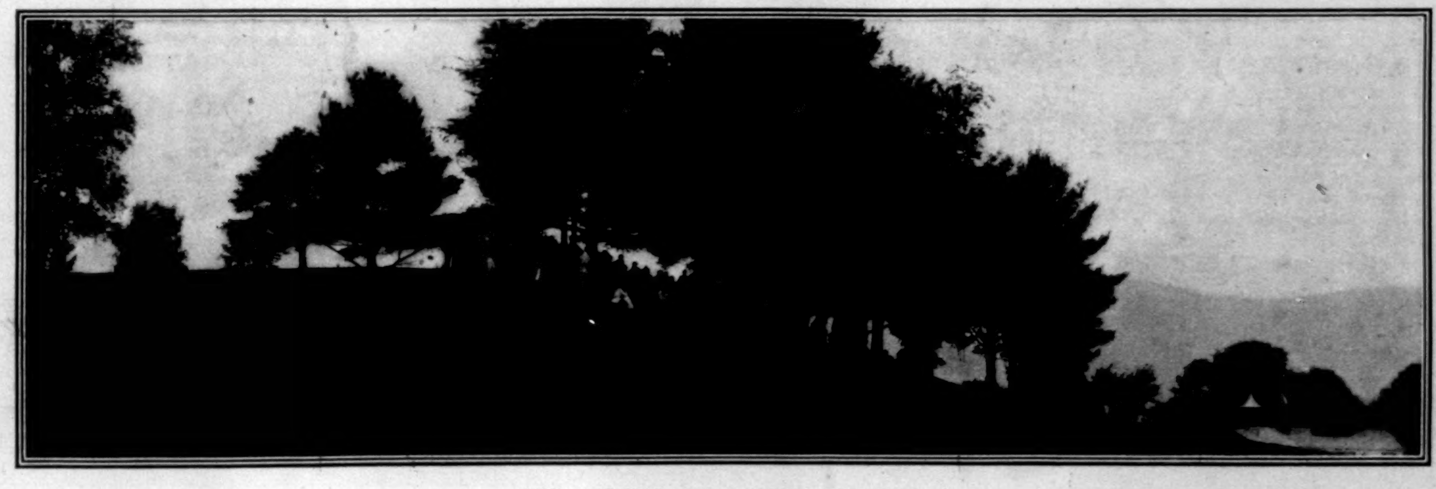
DWIGHT L. MOODY.

REV. F. B. MEYER.

CAMP NORTHFIELD—FOR YOUNG MEN.

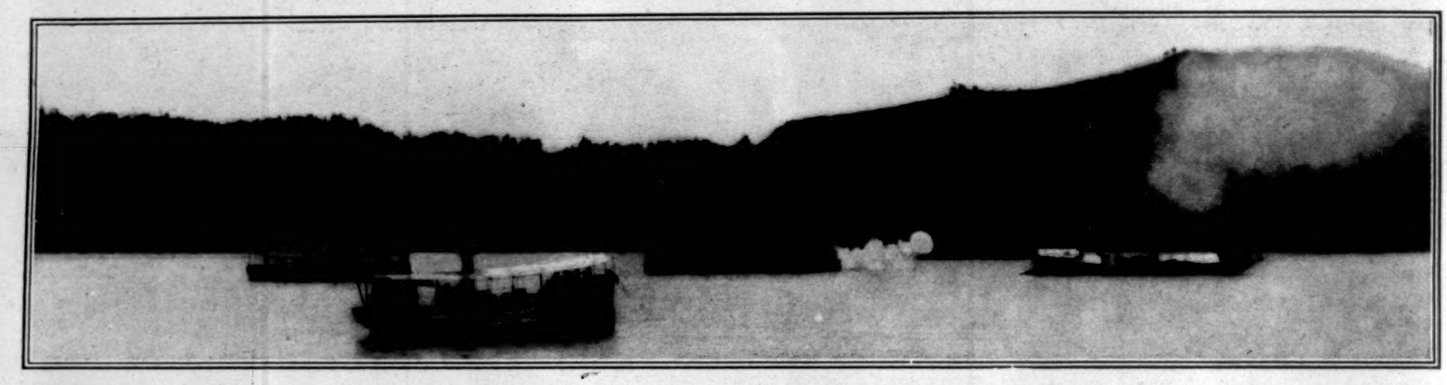
THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY—FROM THE OLD SENTINEL TREE.



THE SERVICE ON ROUND TOP HILL.

THE EVANGELISTIC WORK UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DWIGHT L. MOODY AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 826.]

THE EXPEDITION TO MORONG.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF MORONG.

Home Again

THE United States hospital-ship *Relief* arrived in San Francisco on the morning of August 2. Her voyage from Manila, which place she left June 22, was made in easy stages, so that every possible advantage could be given to the invalided veterans of Luzon. Stops were made at every available port, and the men who could with safety be moved were taken ashore and given exercise. The vessel remained four days at Nagasaki, and then left for Yokohama, where she celebrated Independence day.

The *Boston's* guns hailed the dawn of the glorious Fourth, and all day long, until late into the night, boats of all descriptions, gayly decorated in red, white, and blue, darted hither and thither on the bay. Bands of music were playing afloat and ashore, cheering up the weary and worn soldiers as no medicine could do. It was a day that will linger long in the memories of the *Relief's* passengers. And when night came there were fireworks, the like of which had never before been seen in that part of the world. The designs were elaborate, and there was not a miss in the entire celebration. The American and English flags with their staffs crossed were displayed in fire, and an immense Goddess of Liberty shone out in the dark night, and was visible for miles.

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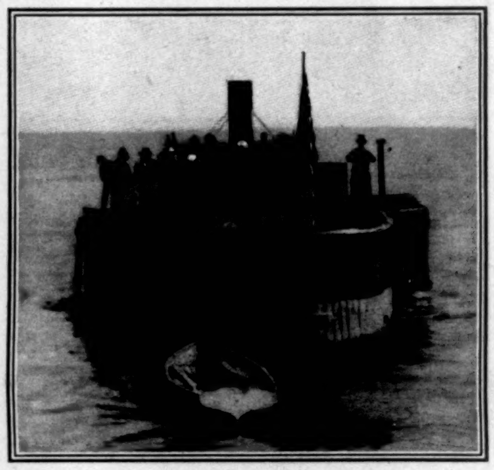


THE ARMY GUNBOAT "MANILA" ON LAGUNA DE BAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT C. F. O'KEEFE, U. S. V.

[SEE PAGE 820.]

was garbed in holiday attire. Flags floated to the breeze from every house-top and window; the streets were strung with the stars and stripes. Hundreds of men and women went out to the *Relief* in decorated craft, bearing fruit and flowers to the patients.

The run from Honolulu to San Francisco was made in little over seven days. The *Relief* entered port in a dense fog, shortly after two o'clock on Wednesday morning, August 2. The government steamer *General McDowell* went out to the hospital-ship with army officers, ladies of the Red Cross, and a few relatives of those on board. Small launches bearing newspaper men were at the side of the *Relief*. Then came the tug *Governor Irwin*, loaned by the Harbor Commissioners to the marine reporters of the metropolitan journals. On board were a number of people, most of them relatives or friends of the soldiers. A band of music played incessantly, improving the spirits of the *Relief's* passengers to a wonderful degree.

And lastly came the steamer *Caroline*, which was to carry the sick and wounded soldiers to the hospital at the Presidio. A gang-plank was stretched from the main-deck of the *Relief* to the upper deck of the *Caroline*, over which the very sick were carried in litters. There were not more than twenty of these in all. Every man of the 252 patients, with the exception of two, had been taken on board in a stretcher at Manila; but the voyage across the Pacific had wrought a wonderful change. While the transfer was being made the band on the *Irwin* played lively airs, and kept this up all the way to the Presidio wharf. As the *Caroline's* lines were made fast, the band suddenly dropped from "A Hot Time in the Old Town" to "Home, Sweet Home." The change acted like magic on the soldiers. Where all had been life and motion, there fell the stillness of the grave. These brave lads who had stormed trenches with glad yells, who had faced danger with reckless laughter, who had stood pain without a whimper, gazed at one another through tear-dimmed eyes, and the lumps that rose in their throats prevented expression. The city went wild over the invalided men, and every means was taken to add to their happiness.

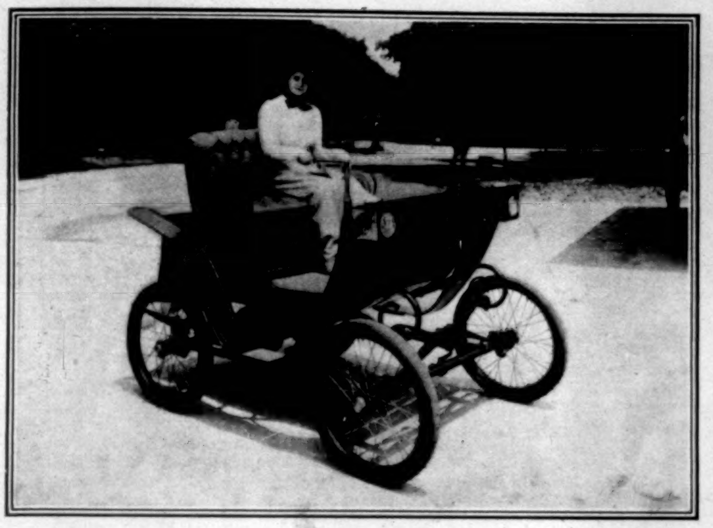
J. S. JORDAN.

The Wreck, showing the Bridge and distance Car fell.

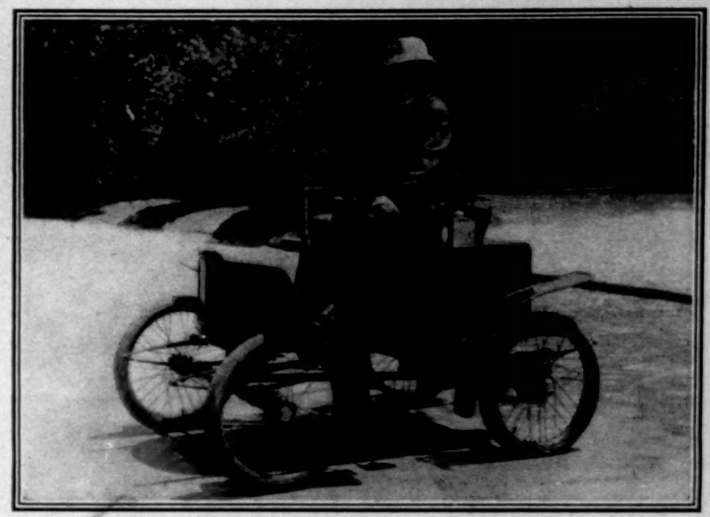
THE TROLLEY-CAR DISASTER AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, AUGUST 6.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

Where the Break occurred.

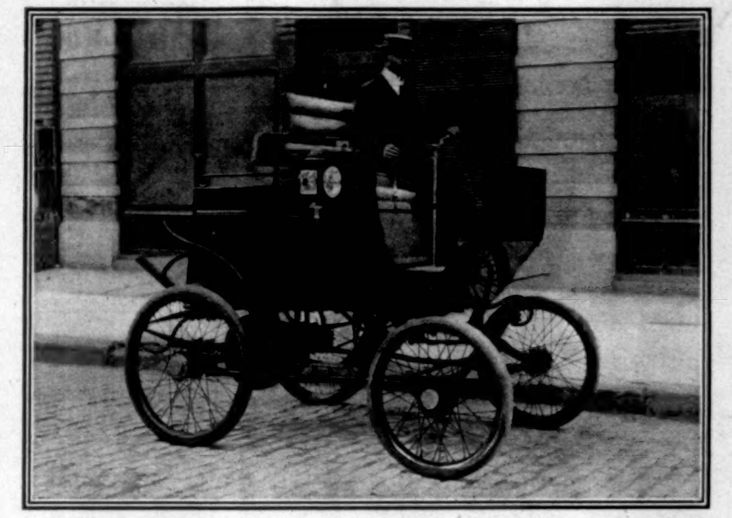
BREAKING OF THE MAINE CENTRAL R. R. DOCK, MT. DESERT FERRY, MAINE.—[SEE PAGE 810.]



PARK PHAETON.

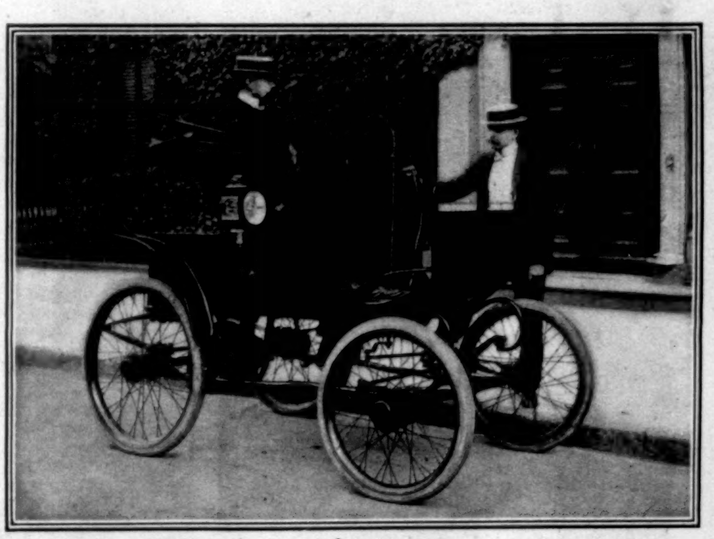


RUNABOUT.

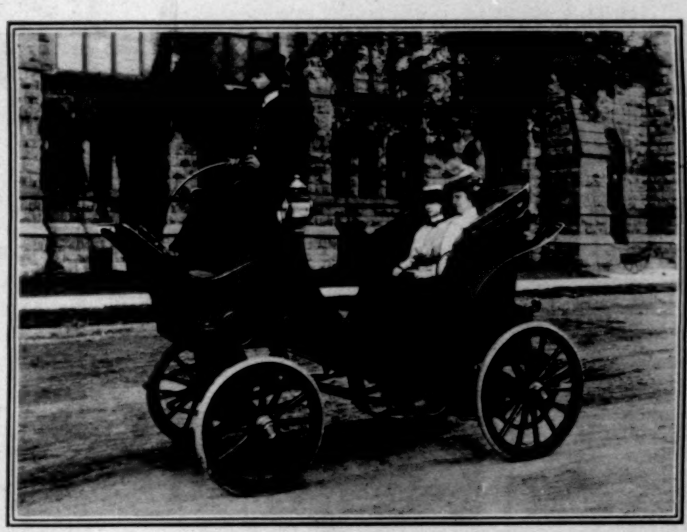


DOS À DOS.

VICTORIA DE LUXE.



ELECTRIC PARK PHAETON.



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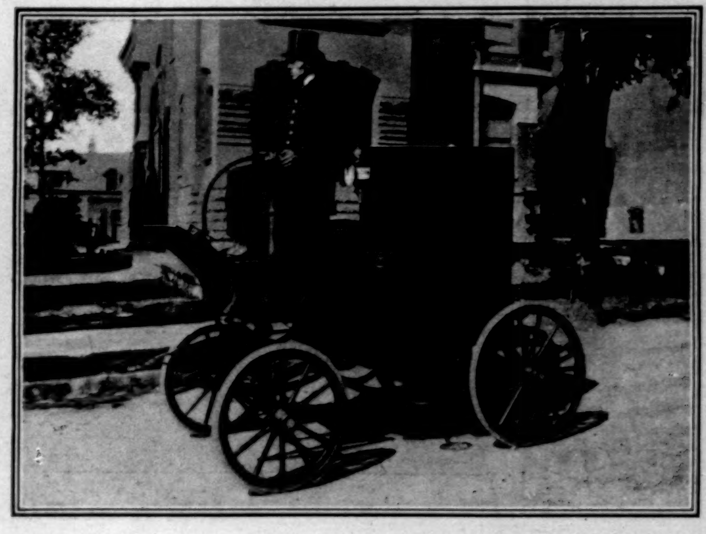

ELECTRIC BROUGHAM.

THE PROGRESS OF THE AUTOMOBILE—NEW TYPES OF MOTOR-CARRIAGES.—[See Page 825.]

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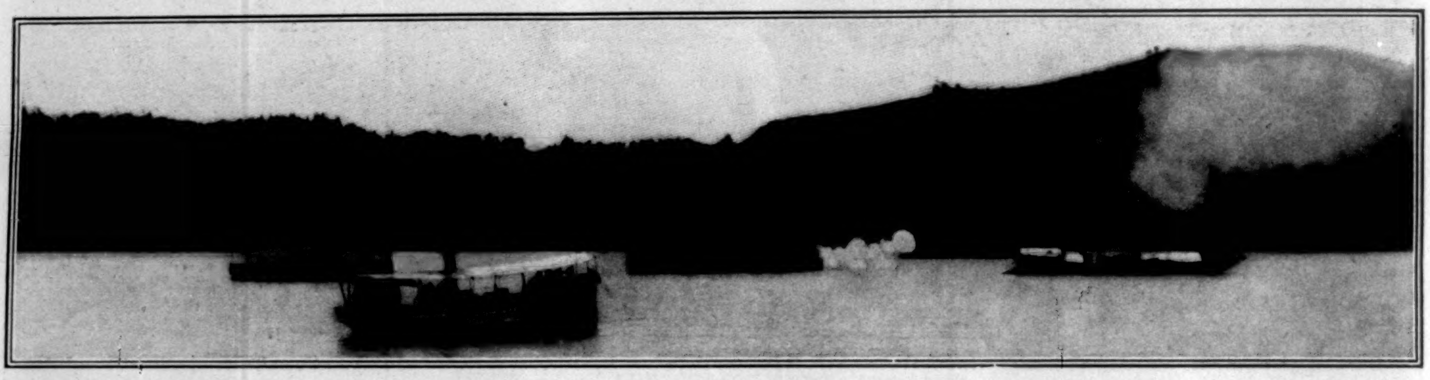

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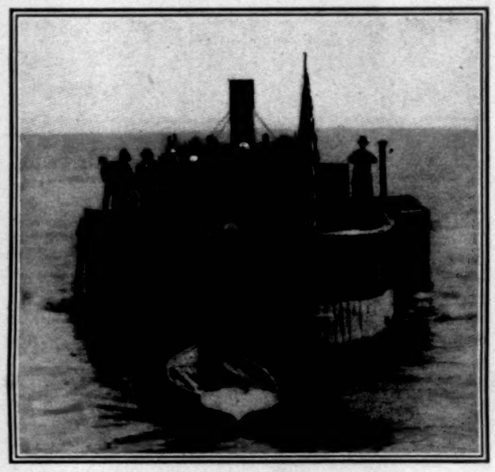

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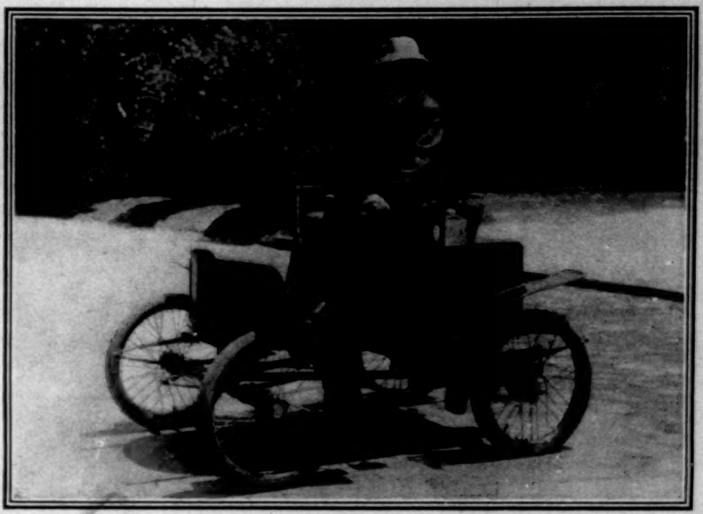

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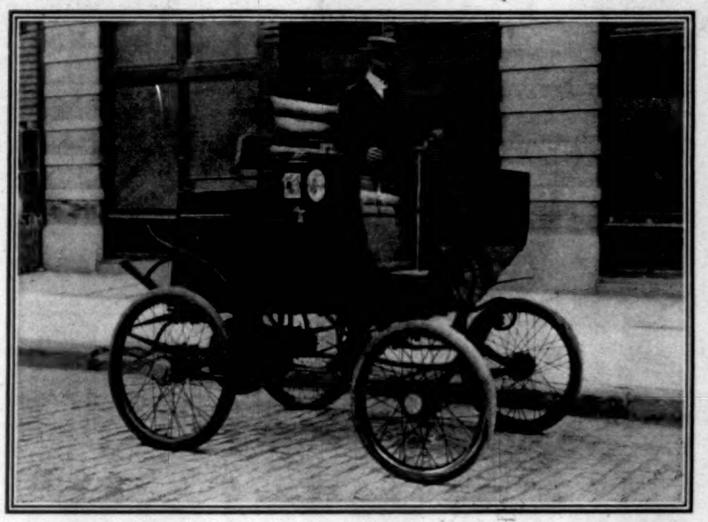

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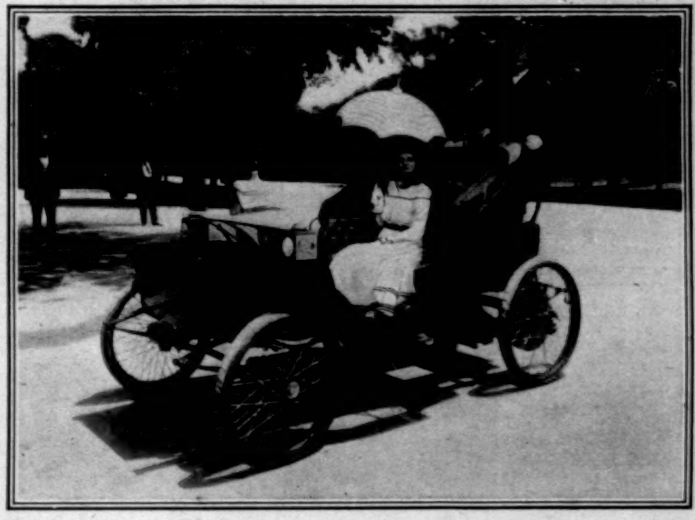

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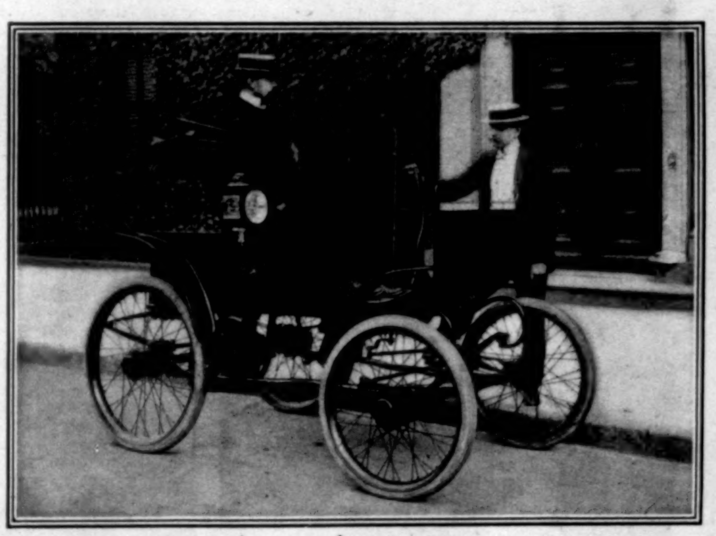

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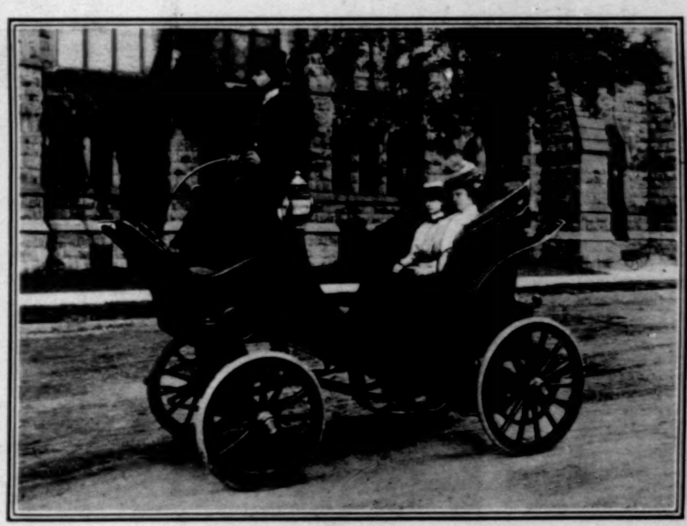

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ELECTRIC BROUGHAM.

THE PROGRESS OF THE AUTOMOBILE—NEW TYPES OF MOTOR-CARRIAGES.—[See Page 825.]

STREET FAIRS IN THE MIDDLE WEST.—[See Page 829.]

THE ENCHANTED TYPE-WRITER. *By John Kendrick Bangs*

This story was begun August 5, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The narrator discovers in his attic an old type-writing machine, which he cleans and places in the library. Coming home late one evening, he hears the machine going, apparently with no one operating it, and finally discovers that James Boswell, editor of the *Stygian Gazette*, had come from Hades to do some work on it. He agrees to let Boswell use the machine whenever he desires, and Boswell in return promises him the mundane rights to the *Stygian* copy. According to Boswell, the republican element in Hades is aroused because of the autocratic methods of the ruler. The narrator retires, leaving Boswell at work, and next morning discovers the manuscript of "Baron Munchausen's Further Recollections." He meets Xanthippe, and she informs him that Boswell has been incarcerated for libel by reason of their publication in the *Gazette*, and that she is the editor during his absence.

V.

THE EDITING OF XANTHIPPE.

AFTER my interview with Xanthippe, I hesitated to approach the type-writer for a week or two. It did a great deal of clicking after the midnight hour had struck, and I was consumed with curiosity to know what was going on, but I did not wish to meet Mrs. Socrates again, so I held aloof until Boswell should have served his sentence. I was no longer afraid of the woman, but I do fear the good fellow of the weaker sex, and I deemed it just as well to keep out of any and all disputes that might arise from a casual conversation with a creature of that sort. A disagreement with a real good fellow, even when it ends in a row, is more or less diverting; but a disputation with a female good fellow places a man at a disadvantage. The *argumentum ad hominem* is not an easy thing with men, but with women it is impossible. Hence I let the type-writer click and ring for a fortnight.

Finally, to my relief, I recognized Boswell's touch upon the keys, and sauntered up to the side of the machine.

"Is this Boswell—Jim Boswell?" I inquired.

"All that's left of him," was the answer. "How have you been?"

"Very well," said I. And then it seemed to me that tact required that I should not seem to know that he had been in the superheated jail of the Stygian country. So I observed, "You've been off on a vacation, eh?"

"How do you know that?" was the immediate response.

"Well," I put in, "you've been absent for a fortnight, and you look more or less—ah—burned."

"Yes, I am," replied the deceitful editor. "Very much burned, in fact. I've been—er—I've been playing golf with a friend down in Cimmeria."

"I envy you," I observed, with an inward chuckle.

"You wouldn't if you knew the links," replied Boswell, sadly. "They're awfully hard. I don't know any harder course than the Cimmerian."

And then I became conscious of a mistrustful gaze fastened upon me.

"See here," clicked the machine. "I thought I was invisible to you. If so, how do you know I look burned?"

I was cornered, and there was only one way out of it, and that was by telling the truth. "Well, you are invisible, old chap," I said. "The fact is, I've been told of your trouble, and I know what you have undergone."

"And who told you?" queried Boswell.

"Your successor on the *Gazette*, Madame Socrates, *née* Xanthippe," I replied.

"Oh, that woman! that woman!" moaned Boswell, through the medium of the keys. "Has she been here, using this machine too? Why didn't you stop her before she ruined me completely?"

"Ruined you?" I cried.

"Well, next thing to it," replied Boswell. "She's run my paper so far into the ground that it will take an almighty powerful grip to pull it out again. Why, my dear boy, when I went to—to the ovens, I had a circulation of a million, and when I came back that woman had brought it down to eight copies, seven of which have already been returned. All in ten days, too."

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"'Side Talks with Men' helped, and 'The Man's Corner' did a little, but the editorial page did the most of it. It was given over wholly to the advancement of certain Xanthippian ideas, which were very offensive to my women readers, and which found no favor among the men. She wants to change the whole social structure. She thinks men and women are the same kind of animal, and that both need to be educated on precisely the same lines—the girls to be taught business, the boys to go through a course of domestic training. She called for subscriptions for a cooking-school for boys, and demanded the endowment of a commercial college for girls, and wound up by insisting upon a uniform dress for both sexes. I tell you, if you'd worked for years to establish a dignified newspaper the way I have, it would have broken your heart to see the suggested fashion plates that woman printed. The uniform dress was a holy terror. It was a combination of all the worst features of modern garb. Trousers were to be universal and compulsory; sensible masculine coats were discarded entirely, and puffed-sleeve dress-coats were substituted. Stiff collars were abolished in favor of ribbons, and rosettes cropped up everywhere. Imagine it if you can—and everybody in all Hades was to be forced into garments of that sort!"

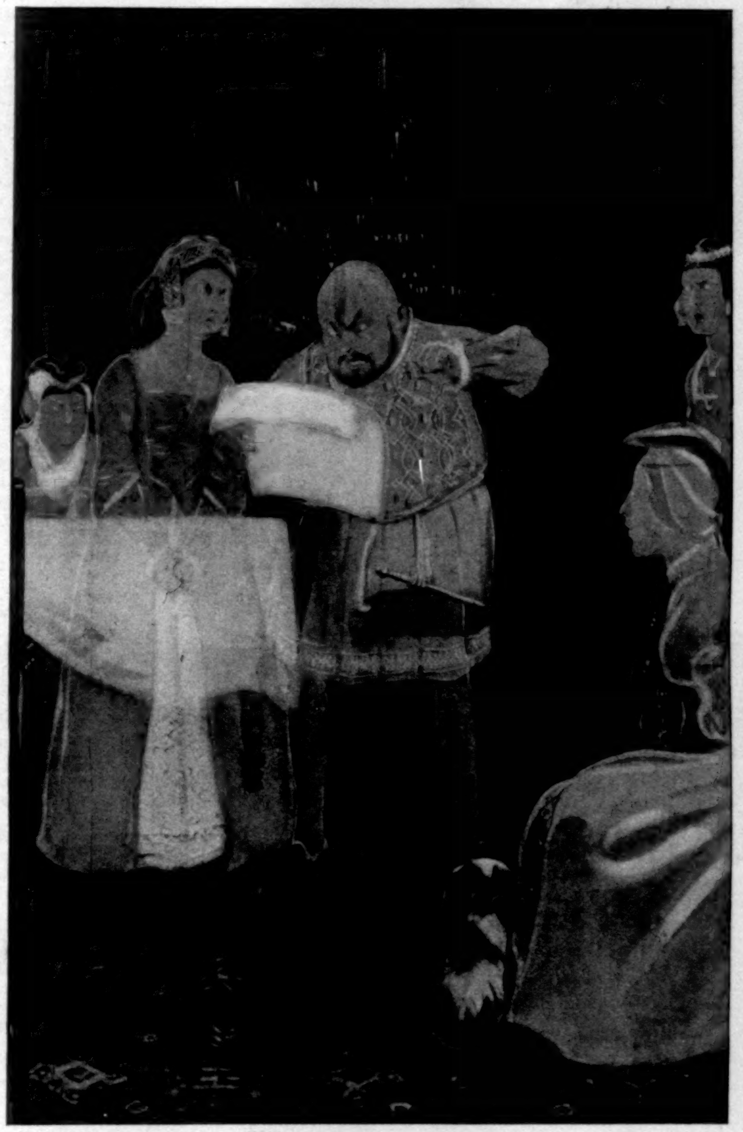
"I should enjoy seeing it," I said.

"Possibly—but you wouldn't enjoy wearing it," retorted the machine. "And then that woman's funny column—it was frightful. You never saw such jokes in your life; every one of them contained a covert attack upon man. There was only one good thing in it, and that was a bit of verse called 'Fair Play for the Little Girls.' It went like this:

"If little boys, when they are young,
Can go about in skirts,
And wear upon their little backs
Small broidered girlish shirts,
Pray why cannot the little girls,
When infants, have a chance
To toddle on their little ways
In little pairs of pants?"

"That isn't at all bad," said I, smiling in spite of poor Boswell's woe. "If the rest of the paper was on a par with that, I don't see why the circulation fell off."

"Well, she took liberties, that's all," said Boswell. "For instance, in her 'Side Talks with Men' she had something like this: 'Napoleon.—It is rather difficult to say just what you can do with your last season's cocked hat. If you were to purchase five yards of one-inch blue ribbon, cut it into three strips of equal length, and fasten



"HENRY THE EIGHTH....WAS MUCH ENRAGED, AND WITHDREW HIS ADVERTISEMENTS."

one end to each of the three corners of the hat, tying the other ends into a chou, it would make a very acceptable work-basket to send to your grandmother at Christmas.' Now Napoleon never asked that woman for advice on the subject. Then there was an answer to a purely fictitious inquiry from Solomon, which read: 'It all depends on local custom. In Salt Lake City, and in London at the time of Henry the Eighth, it was not considered necessary to be off with the old love before being on with the new, but latterly the growth of monopolistic ideas tends towards the uniform rate of one at a time.' A purely gratuitous fling, that was, at one of my most eminent patrons—or rather two of them, for latterly both Solomon and Henry the Eighth have yielded to the tendency of the times and gone into business, which they have paid me well to advertise. Solomon has established an 'Information Bureau,' where advice can always be had from the 'Wiseman,' as he calls himself, on payment of a small fee; while Henry, taking advantage of his superior equipment over any English king that ever lived, has founded and liberally advertised his 'Chaperon Company (Limited).' It's a great thing, even in Hades, for young people to be chaperoned by an English queen, and Henry has been smart enough to see it; and having seven or eight queens, all in good standing, he has been doing a great business. Just look at it from a business point of view. There are seven nights in every week, and something going on somewhere all the time, and queens in demand. With a queen quoted so low as $100 a night, Henry can make nearly $5000 a week, or $260,000 a year, out of evening chaperonage alone; and when, in addition to this, yachting parties up the Styx and slumming parties throughout the country are being constantly given, the man's opportunity to make half a million a year is in plain sight. I'm told that he netted over $500,000 last year; and of course he had to advertise to get it; and this Xanthippe woman goes out of her way to get in a nasty little fling at one of my mainstays for his matrimonial propensities."

"Failing utterly to see," said I, "that, in marrying so many times, Henry really paid a compliment to her sex which is without parallel in royal circles."

"Well, nearly so," said Boswell. "There have been other kings who were quite as complimentary to the ladies, but Henry was the only man among them who insisted on marrying them all."

"True," said I. "Henry was eminently proper—but then he had to be."

"Yes," said Boswell, with a meditative tap on the letter Y. "Yes—he had to be. He was the head of the Church, you know."

"I know it," I put in. "I've always had a great deal of sympathy for Henry. He has been very much misjudged by posterity. He was the father of the really first new woman, Elizabeth; and his other daughter, Mary, was such a vindictive person!"

"You are a very fair man, for an American," said Boswell. "Not only fair, but rare. You think about things."

"I try to," said I, modestly. "And I've really thought a great deal about Henry, and I've truly seen a valid reason for his continuous matrimonial performances. He set himself up against the Pope, and he had to be consistent in his antagonism."

"He did indeed," said Boswell. "A religious discussion is a hard one."

"And Henry was consistent in his opposition," said I. "He didn't yield a jot on any point, and while a great many people criticise him on the score of his wives—particularly on their number—I feel that I have in very truth discovered his principle."

"Which was—?" queried Boswell.

"That the Pope was wrong in all things," said I.

"So he said," commented Boswell.

"And being wrong in all things, celibacy was wrong," said I.

"Exactly," ejaculated Boswell.

"Well, then," said I, "if celibacy is wrong, the surest way to protest against it is to marry as many times as you can."

"By Jove!" said Boswell, tapping the keys yearningly, as though he wished he might spare his hand to shake mine, "you are a man after my own heart."

"Thanks, old chap," said I, reaching out my hand and shaking it in the air with my visionary friend—"thanks. I've studied these things with some care, and I've tried to find a reason for everything in life as I know it. I have always regarded Henry as a moral man—as is natural, since, in spite of all you can say, he is the real head of the English Church, He wasn't willing to be married a second or a seventh time unless he was really a widower. He wasn't as long in taking notice again as some modern widowers that I have met; but I do not criticise him on that score. I merely attribute his record to his kingly nature, which involves necessarily a quickness of decision and a decided perception of the necessities which are sadly lacking in people who are born to a lesser station in life. England demanded a queen, and he invariably met the demand, which shows that he knew something of political economy as well as of matrimony; and as I see it, being an American, a man needs to know something of political economy to be a good ruler. So many of our statesmen have acquired a merely kindergarten knowledge of the science that we have had many object-lessons in the disadvantages of a merely elementary knowledge of the subject. To come right down to it, I am an admirer of Henry. He had the courage of his heart-convictions."

"You really surprise me," tapped Boswell. "I never expected to find an American so thoroughly in sympathy with kings and their needs."

"Oh, as for that," said I, "in America we are all kings, and we are not without our needs, matrimonial and otherwise, only our courts are not quite so expeditious as Henry's little axe. But what was Henry's attitude towards this extraordinary flight of Xanthippe's?"

"Wrath," said Boswell. "He was very much enraged, and withdrew his advertisements, declined to give our society reporters the usual accounts of the functions his wives chaperoned, and, worst of all, has withdrawn himself, and induced others to withdraw, from the symposium I was preparing for my special Summer Girls' issue, which is to appear in August, on 'How Men Propose.' He and Brigham Young and Solomon and Bonaparte had agreed to dictate graphic accounts of how they had done it on various occasions; and Queen Elizabeth, who probably had more proposals to the square minute than any other woman on record, was to write the introduction. This little plan, which was really the idea of genius, is entirely shattered by Mrs. Socrates's infernal interference."

"Nonsense," said I. "Don't despair. Why don't you come out with a plain statement of the facts? Apologize."

"You forget, my dear sir," interposed Boswell, "that one of the fundamental principles of Hades as an institution is that excuses don't count. It isn't a place for repentance so much as for expiation, and I might apologize

nine times a minute for forty years and would still have to suffer the penalty of the offence. No, there is nothing to be done but to begin my newspaper work again, build up again the institution that Xanthippe has destroyed, and bear my misfortunes like a true spirit."

"Spoken like a philosopher!" I cried. "And if I can help you, my dear Boswell, count upon me. In anything you may do, whether you start a monthly magazine, a sporting weekly, or a purely American Sunday newspaper, you are welcome to anything I can do for you."

"You are very kind," returned Boswell, appreciatively, "and if I need your services I shall be glad to avail myself of them. Just at present, however, my plans are so fully prepared that I do not think I shall have to call upon you. With Sherlock Holmes engaged to write twelve new detective stories, Poe to look after my tales of horror, D'Artagnan dictating his personal memoirs, Lucretia Borgia running my Girls' Department, and others too numerous to mention, I will have a sufficient supply of stuff to fill up; but if you feel like writing a few poems for me, I may be able to use them as fillers, and they may help to make your name so well known in Hades that next year I shall be able to print a Worldly Letter from you every week with a good chance of its proving popular."

And with this promise Boswell left me to get out the first number of *The Cimmerian: a Sunday Magazine for All*. Taking him at his word, I sent him the following poem a few days later:

LOCALITY.

Whither do we drift,
Insensate souls, whose every breath
Foretells the doom of nothingness?
Yet onward, upward, let it be
Through all the myriad cycles
Of the ensuing years—
And then, pray what?
Alas! 'tis all, and never shall be stated.
Atoms, yet atomless we drift,
But whitherward?

I had intended this for one of our leading magazines, but it seemed so to lack the mystical quality, which is essential to a successful magazine poem in our sphere, that I deemed it best to try it on Boswell.

"LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH....MASTERING THE INTRICACIES OF THE OVERHEAD WIRE."

VI.

THE BOSWELL TOURS: PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

It was, and will no doubt be considered even by those who are not too friendly towards myself, a daring idea, and it was all my own. One night, several weeks after the interview with Boswell just narrated, the idea came to me simultaneously with the first tapping of the keys for the evening upon the Enchanted Type-writer. It was Boswell's touch that summoned me from my divan. My family were on the eve of departure for a month's rest from care and play in the mountains, and I was looking forward to a period of very great loneliness. But as Boswell materialized and began his work upon the machine, the great idea flashed across my mind, and I resolved to "play it" for all it was worth.

"Jim," said I, as I approached the vacant chair in which he sat—for by this time the great biographer and I had got upon terms of familiarity—"Jim," said I, "I've got a very gloomy prospect ahead of me."

"Well, why not?" he tapped off. "Where do you expect to have your gloomy prospects? They can't very well be behind you."

"Humph!" said I. "You are facetious this evening."

"Not at all," he replied. "I have been spending the day with my old-time boss, Samuel Johnson, and I am so saturated with purism that I hardly know where I am. From the Johnsonian point of view you have expressed yourself ill—"

"Well, I am ill," I retorted. "I don't know how far you are acquainted with home life, but I do know that there is no greater homesickness in the world than that of the man who is sick of home."

"I am not an imitator," said Boswell, "but I must imitate you to the extent of saying humph! I quote you, and doing so, I honor you. But really I never thought you could be sick of home, as you put it—you who are so happy at home, and who so wildly hate being away from home."

"I'm not surprised at that, my dear Boswell," said I. "But you are, of course, familiar with the phrase 'Stone walls do not a prison make'?"

"I've heard it," said Boswell.

"Well, there's another equally valid phrase which I have not yet heard expressed by another, and it is this: 'Stone walls do not a home make.'"

"It isn't very musical, is it?" said he.

"Not very," I answered; "but we don't all live magazine lives, do we? We have occasionally a sentiment, a feeling, out of which we do not try 'to make copy.' It is undoubtedly a truth which I have not seen expressed by any modern poet of my acquaintance, not even by the dead-baby poets, that home is not always preferable to some other things. At any rate, it is my feeling, and is shortly to represent my condition. My home you know. It has its walls and its pictures, and its thousand and one comforts, and its associations; but when my wife and my children are away, and the four walls do not re-echo the voices of the children, and my library lacks the presence of madame, it ceases truly to be home, and if I've got to stay here during the month of August alone, I must have diversion, else I shall find myself as badly off as the butterfly man, to whom a vaudeville exhibition is the greatest joy in life."

"I think you are queer," said Boswell.

"Well, I'm not," said I. "However low we may set the standard of man, Mr. B."—and I called him Mr. B. instead of Jim, because I wished to be severe and yet retain the basis of familiarity—"however low we may set the standard of man, I think man, as a rule, prefers his home to the most seductive roof-garden life in existence."

"Wherefore?" said he, coldly.

"Wherefore, my home about to become unattractive through the absence of my boys and their mother, I shall need some extraordinary diversion to accomplish my happiness. Now if you can come here, why can't others? Suppose to-night you dash off on the machine a lot of invitations to the pleasantest people in Hades to come up here with you and have an evening on earth, in a most conventional way, perhaps, but still an evening on earth, which isn't at all bad."

"It's a scheme and a half," said Boswell, with more enthusiasm than I had expected. "I'll do it; only, instead of trying to get these people to make a pilgrimage to your shrine, which, I think, they would decline to do—Shakspere, for instance, wouldn't give a tuppence to inspect your birthplace as you have inspected his—I'll institute a series of 'Boswell's Personally Conducted Pleasure Parties,' and make you my agent here. That, you see, will naturally make your home our headquarters, and I think the scheme would work to a charm, because there are a great many well-known Stygians who are curious to revisit the scenes of their earlier state, but who are timid about coming on their own responsibility."

"I see," said I. "Immortals are but mortals, after all, with all the timidity and weaknesses of mortality. But I agree to the proposition, and if you wish it I'll prepare to give them a rousing old time."

"And be sure to show them something characteristic," said Boswell.

"I will," I replied; "I may even get up a trolley party for them."

"I don't know what a trolley party is, but it sounds well," said Boswell, "and I'll advertise the enterprise at once. 'Boswell's Personally Conducted Pleasure Parties. First Series, No. 1.—Trolleying Through Hoboken. For the Round Trip, Four Dollars. Supper and All Expenses Included. No Tips. Extra Lady's Ticket, One Dollar.'"

"Hold on!" I cried. "That can't be. These affairs will really have to be stag parties—with my wife away, you know."

"Not if we secure a suitable chaperon," said Boswell.

"Anyhow!" said I, with great positiveness. "You don't suppose that in the absence of my family I'm going to have my neighbors see me cavorting about the country on a trolley-car full of queens and duchesses and other females of all ages? Not a bit of it, my dear James. I'm not a strictly conventional person, but there are some points between which I draw lines. I've got to live on this earth for a little while yet, and until I leave it I must be guided more or less in what I do by what the world approves or disapproves."

"Very well," Boswell answered. "I suppose you are right; but in the autumn, when your family has returned—"

"We can discuss the matter again," said I, resolved to put off the question for as long a time as I could; for I candidly confess that I had no wish to make myself responsible for the welfare of such Stygian ladies as might avail themselves of the opportunity to go off on one of Boswell's tours. "Show the value and beauties of your plan to the influential men of Hades first, my dear Boswell," I added, "and then if they choose they can come again and bring their wives with them on their own responsibility."

"I fancy that is the best plan. But we ought to have some variety in these tours," he replied. "A trolley party, however successful, would not make a great season for an entertainment bureau, would it?"

"No, indeed," said I. "You are perfectly right about that. What you want is one function a week during the summer season. Open with the trolley party as No. 1 of your first series. Follow this with 'An Evening of Vaudeville: The Grand Tour of the Roof Gardens.' After that have a 'Sunday at the Sea-side: Surf Bathing, Summer Girls, and Sand.' That would make a mighty attractive line for your advertisement."

"Magnificent. I don't see why you don't give up poetry and magazine work and get a position as poster-writer for a circus. You are only a mediocre magazinist, but in the poster business you'd be a genius."

This was tapped off with such manifest sincerity that I could not take offence, so I thanked him and resumed.

"The grand finale of your first series might be 'A Tandem Scorch: A Century Run on a Bicyle Built for Two Hundred!'"

"Magnificent!" cried Boswell, with such enthusiasm that I feared he would smash the machine. "I'll devote a whole page of my Sunday issue to the prospectus. But, to return to the woman question: we ought really to have something to announce for them. Hades hath no fury like a woman scorned, and I can't afford to scorn the sex. You needn't have anything to do with them if you don't want to—only tell me something I can announce, and I'll make Henry the Eighth solid again by putting that branch of the enterprise into his wives' hands. In that way I'll kill two birds with one stone."

"That's all very well, Boswell, but I'm afraid I can't,"

said I. "It's hard enough to know how to please a mortal woman, without attempting to get up a series of picnics for the rather miscellaneous assortment of ladies who form your social structure below. All men are alike, and man's pleasures in all times have been generally the same, but every woman is unique. I never knew two who were alike, and if it's all the same to you I'd rather you left me out of your ladies' tours altogether. Of course I know that even the Queen of Sheba would enjoy a visit to a Monday sale at one of our big department stores, and I am quite well aware that nine out of ten women, in Hades or out of it, would enjoy the millinery exhibition at the opera matinée—and if these two ideas impress you at all you are welcome to them, but beyond this I have nothing to suggest."

"Well, I'm sure those two ideas are worth a great deal," returned Boswell, making a note of them; "I shall announce four trips to Monday sales—"

"Call 'em, 'To Bargaindale and Back: The Great Marked-down Tour,' and be sure you add: 'For Able-bodied Women Only. No Tickets Issued Except on Recommendation of your Family Physician.' This is especially important, for next to a war or a football match there's nothing that I know of that is quite so dangerous to the participants as a bargain day."

"I'll bear what you say in mind," quoth Boswell, and he made a note of my injunction. "And immediately upon my return to Hades I will request an audience with Henry's queens, and ask them to devise a number of other tours likely to prove profitable and popular."

Shortly after my visitor departed and I retired. The next day my family deserted me and went to the mountains, and all my fears as to the inordinate sense of loneliness which was to be my lot were realized. Even Boswell neglected me, apparently, for a week. I went to my desk daily and returned at night hoping that my type-writer would bring forth something of an interesting nature, but naught other than disappointment awaited me. For a whole blessed week I was thrown back upon the society of my neighbors for diversion. The type-writer gave no sign of being.

Little did I guess that Boswell was busy working up my scheme in his Stygian home.

But it came to pass finally that I was roused up. Walking one morning to my desk to find a bit of memoranda I needed, I discovered a type-written slip marked: "No time for small-talk. Boswell's tours grand success. Trolley party to-night. Ten cars wanted. Jim."

It was a large order for a town like mine, where forty thousand people have to get along with five cars—two open ones for winter and two closed for summer, and one, which we have never seen, which is kept for use in the repair-shop. I was in despair. Ten car-loads of immortals coming to my house for a trolley party under such conditions! It was frightful! I did the best I could, however.

I ordered one trolley-car to be ready at eight, and a large variety of good things edible and drinkable, the latter to be held subject to the demand-notes of our guests.

As may be imagined, I did little real work that day, and when I returned home at night I was on tenter-hooks lest something should go wrong; but fortunately Boswell himself came early and relieved me of my worry—in fact, he was at the machine when I entered the house.

"Well," he said, "have you the ten cars?"

"What do you take me for," said I—"a trolley-car trust? Of course I haven't. There are only five cars in town, one of which is kept in the repair-shop for effect. I've hired one."

"Humph!" he cried. "What will the kings do?"

"Kings!" I cried. "What kings?"

"I have nine kings, and one car-load of common souls besides, for this affair," he explained. "Each king wants a special car."

"Kings be jiggered!" said I. "A trolley party, my much-beloved James, is an essentially democratic institution, and private cars are not *de rigueur*. If your kings choose to come, let 'em hang on by the straps."

"But I've charged 'em extra!" cried Boswell.

"That's all right," said I; "they receive extra. They have the ride plus the straps, with the privilege of standing out on the platform and ringing the gong if they want to. The great thing about the trolley party is that there's no private-car business about it."

"Well, I don't know," Boswell murmured, reflectively. "If Charles the First and Louis Fourteenth don't kick about being crowded in with all the rest, I can stand anything that Frederick the Great or Nero may say; but those two fellows are great sticklers for the royal prerogative."

"There isn't any such thing as royal prerogative on a trolley-car," I retorted; "and if they don't like what they get they can sit down in the waiting-room and wait until we get back."

But Boswell's fears were not realized. Charles and Louis were perfectly delighted with the trolley party, and long before we reached home the former had rung up the fare-register to its full capacity, while the latter, a half a dozen times, delightedly occupied himself in mastering the intricacies of the overhead wire. The trolley party was an undoubted success. The same remains to be said of the vaudeville expedition the following week. The same guests and potentates attended this, to the number of twenty, and the Boswell tours were accounted a great enterprise, and bade fair to redeem the losses the eminent journalist incurred during Xanthippe's administration of his affairs; but after the bicycle night I had to withdraw from the combination to save my reputation. The fact upon which I had not counted was that my neighbors began to think me insane. I had failed to remember that none of these visiting spirits were visible to us in this material world, and while my fellow-townsmen were disposed to lay up my hiring of a special trolley-car for my own private and particular use against the eccentricity of genius, they marvelled greatly that I should purchase twenty of the best seats at a vaudeville show seemingly for my own exclusive use. When, besides this, they saw me start off apparently alone on one tandem bicycle, followed by twenty-eight other empty wheels, which they could not know were manipulated by some of the most famous legs in the history of the world, from Noah's down to those of Henry Fielding the novelist, they began to regard me as something uncanny.

Nor can I blame them. It seems to me that if I saw one man scorching along a road alone on a tandem bicycle, chatting to an empty front seat, I should think him queer; but if following in his wake I perceived twenty-eight other wheels, scorching up hill and down dale without any visible motive power, I should regard him as one who was in league with the devil himself.

Nevertheless, I judge from what Boswell has told me that I am regarded in Hades as a great benefactor of the people there, for having established a series of excursions from that world into this—a service which has done much to convince the Stygians that, after all, if only by contrast, the life below has its redeeming features.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Racial Troubles in the South

It was the ambition of Robert Toombs, the great ante-bellum fire-eater of Georgia, to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument. An equally distinguished son of Georgia, in our day, more fortunate than General Toombs, is accorded a most attentive and respectful hearing before a highly cultured, religious, and "moneyed" audience in Boston while for two long hours he palliates and extenuates, if he does not defend outright, recent brutal lynchings of negroes in his own and other Southern States; for that is what the recent address of ex-Governor Northen amounts to, however he may seek to obscure its real purpose.

I have often thought that the Southern people were, to say the least, remiss in their duty and unjust to themselves in not deputizing representative men of the highest standing and culture, and of unblemished personal and political character, to go North on suitable occasions and to explain to the Northern people the position of the law-abiding and cultured white people of the South on our most difficult and troublesome race question. It is not wise to leave the Northern people to infer our position from our lynching mobs, from our fire-eating politicians of the Tillman stamp, or from our very one-sided partisan press. These do not by any means fairly represent the better public sentiment of our people, but too often the very opposite.

Had I been called upon, however, to suggest the most suitable person to send upon such an important errand to Boston, the very seat of learning and of culture and of strict obedience to law, there is but one man from the entire South that I would probably have suggested in preference to Governor Northen. I refer, of course, to Rev. J. L. M. Curry, D.D., the able and scholarly manager of the Peabody Fund at the South, who has unquestionably contributed more to the cause of the education of both races than any other living man, and whose teachings would always lead to peace and harmony between them. Governor Northen is a man of unblemished political and religious character. And yet, after a careful reading of his impassioned address at Boston, I cannot but feel disappointed, and fear that he has missed the key-note, and done that better sentiment of our section harm rather than good. He has been led away by his zeal and his ardent desire to screen his own people, the white people of the South, against severe and often unjust outside criticism, into drawing the line rather between the races than between crime and lawlessness on the one side and virtue and obedience to law on the other. No one, North or South, will be found to defend or even to palliate the fiendish crime of Sam Hose, and certainly no one ought to be found anywhere to justify or extenuate his worse than brutal lynching. Governor Northen's address has, I fear, too much the appearance of an attempt to palliate the crime of lynching, and to throw the chief blame for our unfortunate condition at the South on the shoulders of others, instead of where it properly belongs. He even goes back to the early days of slavery, and attempts to throw the chief blame for the existence of that institution on the Yankee slave-dealer of over a century ago. One hardly sees the purpose of this historical retrospect. No well-informed person questions the fact that the sin of slavery was national, and not alone Southern. It was this writer's pleasure to be on very friendly personal terms with Charles Sumner, the great antislavery agitator, during the latter part of that gentleman's life, and on various occasions to discuss with him reconstruction and the race question, on some points of which we differed very materially. On one occasion I recall Mr. Sumner's avowing most emphatically that he had never regarded slavery otherwise than as a national crime, and not alone a sectional one, and that he had therefore always been ready to vote any amount of money to purchase the slaves, and to liberate them gradually as they became prepared for their new position. But the insuperable obstacle to this was that the South had come to regard slavery as a good to be perpetuated at all hazards, rather than as a national and local evil to be got rid of. The voice of reason and of argument on the subject of "our peculiar institution" was no longer tolerated at the South; and on the mere election of that very conservative antislavery man, Mr. Lincoln, as President in 1860, without awaiting his inauguration or an overt act against slavery, several Southern States made haste to raise the standard of rebellion; for such of course was the act of secession. Who, then, was responsible for the war and its dire results?

It is no doubt quite true, as Governor Northen informs us, that some New-Englanders did engage in slave-stealing in Africa—a most heinous crime certainly. There are unworthy people to be found in all countries and at all times. But had there been no slave-markets at the South these Northerners would perhaps have been engaged in some more legitimate business. If I remember aright, however, the last cargo of slaves from Africa was brought to Georgia by a distinguished Georgian, Major Lamar, and distributed there and in South Carolina but a short time prior to the outbreak of the rebellion.

Governor Northen dwells upon and emphasizes the absolute necessity for the rule of the white man at the South. This presumably every intelligent man admits. The writer certainly does, and quite as decidedly perhaps as Governor Northen. Intelligence and virtue, and the material interests in any country, ought always to rule. The white people of the South are entitled to rule, not on account of the color of their skin, but because they possess at least a largely predominant part of these qualifications in our section. Dr. Curry, in an able address along this line before the Georgia Legislature a few years ago, told that body distinctly that if the time ever came that the negro race took the lead in intelligence and virtue and the material interests of the State, it *would* rule and *ought* to rule. But this right to rule does not at all imply the right to trample under foot the constitutional, civil, and political rights of the inferior race, as is being done in several Southern States, nor the right to commit lynchings by wholesale, as has recently been done with so appalling frequency, especially in Governor Northen's State. Laws and governments in civilized countries are supposed to be for the protection of the poor and the weak and the helpless, and not for their oppression and murder. In Georgia and South Carolina, however, our Chief Executives seem to entertain a different idea as to the proper functions of government.

The grave errors and blunders of reconstruction are now fully admitted on all sides. The Republican as well as the Democratic party fully admits them, or it would not tacitly acquiesce in the enactment of constitutions like those of Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana, which completely annul both in letter and spirit the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States—amendments enacted by the Republican party especially for the protection of the ex-slaves. These two amendments are complete dead letters, not only in these three States, but virtually also in several others. The uneducated negro has fully demonstrated his complete failure as a political factor, except for evil, as ought to have been foreseen by the legislators of the reconstruction period. From the very outset he showed a decided tendency to follow blindly the shrewdest demagogue, or to sell out to the highest bidder. Hence the saturnalia of the reconstruction period all over the South, which brought the Republican party into well-merited disrepute, from which it has not yet recovered. Had the principle of gradual enfranchisement on an intelligence and perhaps also a low property qualification been incorporated by Congress in the original reconstruction law, applicable alike, of course, to both races, this writer was then and is still of the opinion that very many of the evil results of reconstruction might have been avoided, and that the relations between the races might never have become so strained. But it may be well to recall that the North was not alone, and not primarily, responsible for the reconstruction measures. It will be remembered that under the so-called "my policy" plan of reconstruction of President Andrew Johnson, the "Black Code" had been enacted in South Carolina, and more or less similar measures in other States, making of the ex-slave a sort of serf of the soil. Of course the North, after having liberated the slave, could not permit a kind of Russian serfdom to take the place of slavery. This unwise legislation of the white people of the South was then primarily responsible for the later reconstruction measures, with all their blunders and resulting evils. Governor Northen ought not, in his zeal, to forget such important points of recent history. This writer urged on Mr. Sumner and other Republican leaders at the time the grave danger of granting suffrage to the negro without at least a minimum educational qualification. But it was urged, in reply, that it was necessary to grant universal suffrage to enable the negro to protect himself by his ballot. How utterly this idea has failed is now matter of history.

But the most serious objection, perhaps, to Governor Northen's address is its utter failure to suggest any remedy for our existing race troubles. On the contrary, he complacently informs us, in closing, that the relations between the races "are in no sense alarming." A condition of affairs which makes certain sections of the South a byword of reproach for lawlessness and brutality in all civilized countries is, to his mind, "in no sense alarming." That such a man as Governor Northen should so regard our situation, and try to palliate instead of remedy it, is perhaps the most alarming feature of all. I am glad to know, however, that there are other good and eminent men at the South who take a more serious view of the subject, and who have a rational and practical remedy to suggest. Here, for instance, is Colonel Julian S. Carr, a millionaire banker and manufacturer of North Carolina, who is a most liberal supporter of the education of both races and an earnest advocate of harmonious relations between them. In an address before the Colored Agricultural and Mechanical College at Greensboro, North Carolina, about the time Governor Northen was speaking to a Boston audience, Colonel Carr was urging the law-abiding negroes of the South to combine with law-abiding white men to put a stop to the present deplorable and alarming condition of affairs. He told them, in the way of encouragement, how the negro population of ten years old and upwards has progressed from an illiteracy of over 85 per cent. in 1870 to 60 per cent. in 1890, and less than 50 per cent. now; how it has accumulated over $226,000,000 in property, and has over 30,000 teachers in the field. Then he warned them that North Carolina "will never again submit to the government of ignorance"—note he did not say "government of the negro," but of "ignorance." Next he took up and invoked their most serious attention to what he properly termed the "living and burning question" between the races—that is, the question of lynching and the crime that usually provokes it. He warned the colored race that all white men "hold the homes and virtue of pure women sacred, and that the wretch who invades the one or assaults the other shall die." There is no division, he said with truth, among honorable men on this question. The only division is as to the method of inflicting the death-penalty. The advocate of lynch-law insists that an angry mob is the best medium, because its promptness and brutality act as a deterrent to the commission of the crime by others. Colonel Carr says, in reply to this idea, that "lynch-law, to say nothing worse of it, has proved a horrible failure." He might have gone a step further and said, with entire truth, that, instead of being a remedy, it rather tends to provoke and incite to the very crime it is intended to prevent. In brief, Colonel Carr's plan is to combine the intelligent and law-abiding elements of both races for the purpose of putting a stop to both the crime of rape and the crime of lynching, and for the promotion of peace and harmony between the two races. This plan seems to be practical, and should be satisfactory to all good citizens at the South; and it is one which ought to enlist the hearty support of the Northern press, pulpit, and people in carrying it into effect.

B. Odell Duncan.
Newberry, S. C.

BRIG.-GEN. HALL, U.S.V., ON HORSEBACK IN THE FIELD NEAR MARIQUINA.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

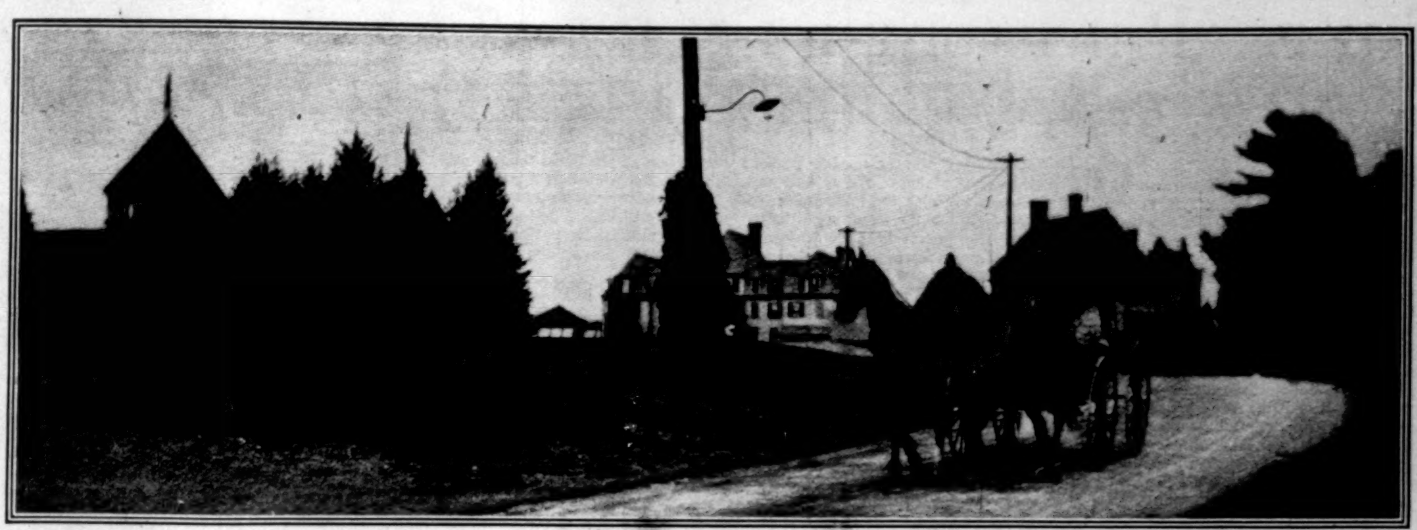
GENERAL ROBERT H. HALL, whose recent successes in the Philippines have brought his name prominently before the country, was born in Michigan in 1837, and appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point in 1855. On graduating in 1860 he became a Second Lieutenant, and the next year a First Lieutenant, of infantry. His first service as an officer was at Fort Columbus, New York, 1860-1. At the outbreak of the civil war he was sent to New Mexico on the staff of Colonel Canby. For fourteen months he was engaged in operations in the Southwest, part of the time in command of a battery, a sort of picked-up affair, which he handled with much credit, in view of all the disadvantages under which he labored, and was then transferred to the Army of the Potomac. At the battle of Fredericksburg he acted as battalion adjutant. After a brief leave of absence, and some special duty at the War Department in Washington, he received, in August, 1863, his commission as Captain in the Tenth Infantry. On his return to the front he became aide-de-camp to Major-General Hooker, and took part in the operations about Chattanooga from October, 1863, to May, 1864, receiving a brevet as Major for gallant and meritorious services at Lookout Mountain. He was also in several engagements in the invasion of Georgia in the spring and summer of 1864.

In command of the Tenth Infantry, with the Army of the Potomac, Hall won a brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy at the battle of Weldon Railroad, Virginia, where he was severely wounded. This mishap separated him from the army on sick leave until November, 1864, when he was sent to Fort Columbus, New York, as regimental commander, and later to Fort Porter, New York, Burksville, Virginia, and Washington, D. C.

Resuming his regular rank as Captain, he passed the following six years in various parts of the West and Southwest, and was then stationed at the West Point Military Academy from 1871 to 1878, as assistant instructor of infantry tactics and adjutant. Here, in some respects, the most notable work of his life may be said to have been done, for the cadets who attended the Academy during his term of service speak with rare enthusiasm of their contact with him, pronouncing him their model of an officer.

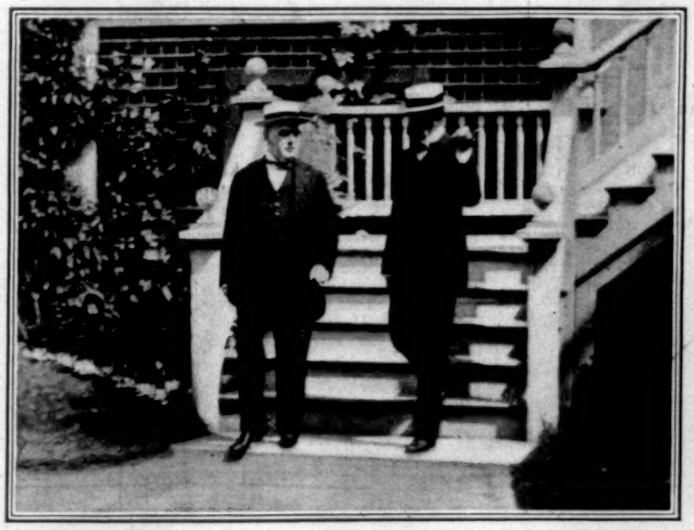
After leaving West Point, Hall spent a large part of his time on the frontier, coming East occasionally to take part in some special function, such as the command of a battalion at the Yorktown centennial celebration, or sitting in judgment at competitive drills and militia encampments, for which he has always been in great demand. He became a Major in 1883, a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1888, and Colonel of the Fourth Infantry in 1893. It was while in command at Fort Sheridan that he attracted some attention by defending Captain Lovering against the charge of wanton cruelty in punishment administered to Private Hammond for insubordination and desertion.

Hall's testimony in behalf of the captain aroused much feeling against him on the part of the friends of Hammond and certain outsiders who had political objects to gain by taking part in the controversy. Hall came out of the affair very creditably, and at the outbreak of the war with Spain was made a Brigadier-General. He did not reach the front during that war, but his value as an organizer and disciplinarian was recognized by his assignment to command a brigade of the Fourth Army Corps at Tampa at first, and afterward at Huntsville. In January of this year he accompanied the Fourth Infantry and part of the Seventeenth to Manila. Ever since, he has had command of a brigade in Lawton's division. His last notable act was the taking of Calamba, July 27.



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY TAKING A DRIVE.

STROLLING ON THE GREEN DRIVE.



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PHYSICIAN STARTING FOR A MORNING WALK.

WATCHING THE GOLF-PLAYERS.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VACATION AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—[See Page 825.]

THE PHILIPPINES—*The Situation*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

MANILA, *June 12, 1899.*

IT will soon be a year since the first American troops landed in Luzon Island; it is nearly five months since the outbreak of hostilities between the so-called government of the Philippine republic and the forces of the United States, and it is time that an account was rendered by those who hold the purse-strings of Uncle Sam's wallet. On one side of the account are found debited the lives and good health of many American citizens, a large prospective pension list, twenty millions in hard cash, and the enormous and increasing expenses of a war whose end is not in prospect; on the other side of the account is a pin-point held by the American forces in the Philippine Islands. Where the actual responsibility rests at home, or how much of the present policy is dictated from Washington, I do not know, except in a few rare cases which have come under my direct observation, and I will not venture a guess; but whatever responsibility really belongs here must rest on the shoulders of the Governor-General. General Otis, whatever criticisms may be made against him, is the impersonation of industry. He directs every department, down to the minutest details; every small bill or petition comes before him for approval; he forms every plan for every military movement, and directs its execution, not day by day, but literally hour by hour. Generals and other officers have repeatedly told me that, as things are managed now, no commanding officers are necessary except General Otis. Colonels of the different regiments could do all the work now required of generals. Bitter are the complaints of all the commanding officers on this point. They say that they cannot move hand or foot without orders from the Governor, who sits in his office from early morning till late at night, with the most excellent telegraphic communication furnished by the signal corps to every part of the line. He has never been out on the lines, and I venture to say that he is the only American officer of the original army in the Philippines who has not seen a fight or a skirmish. He knows the country only from such imperfect maps (any officer in the army can testify how imperfect these maps are) as he has been able to pick up from Spanish sources, and even the work of English commercial houses. Having had an opportunity to see the work of the English engineers in Egypt, I can testify that the maps at the command of the American army are on a very small scale, and do not have any of the important details necessary for successful military operations. Elevations, woodlands, the nature of the roads, the size and accurate directions of streams, are all left out. In fact, they are not military maps at all. They are vastly inferior to the maps used by the Turks during their campaign in Thessaly, and about equal to those used by the poor Greeks themselves. The criticism is freely made here that, under these conditions, relying on hearsay evidence merely, it is impossible for a general to make intelligent plans, and that the fact that we have been floundering about in the wilderness for months without accomplishing anything is the result of the efforts of one man to manage the wholesale as well as the retail department, without allowing any freedom of action to those officers who, from their positions on the line, must have a better knowledge of the details of the campaign. I will make no such criticism, for the reason that it is my purpose in this letter to state facts simply.

Since the 4th of February various expeditions have taken place, principally in the island of Luzon. These expeditions resulted in our taking from the insurgent government certain territory. Some of this territory we have occupied; the rest we have returned to the insurgents in a more or less mutilated condition, depending on whether the policy of the hour was to carry on a bitter war against a barbarous enemy, or to bring enlightenment to an ignorant people, deceived as to our motives.

The American lines at the present moment extend about the city from Caloocan to the pumping-station, across the Pasig River; on the south, from Taguig down to San Pedro Macati; from there to Pasay and out to the sea. This is the line of the defence of the city. Besides this we hold thirty-nine miles of railroad to San Fernando on the north. We have isolated garrisons at Quingua and Baliuag. The last expedition drove the insurgents out of Parañaque and Las Piñas, Bocave, and Imus, about eleven miles from Manila. On Decoration day—that is to say, four months after the war had started—the insurgents were still within three miles of the city on the south. Camp Dewey belonged to the insurgents, and the graves of our own soldiers who were killed in the skirmish before Manila against the Spaniards, and who were buried near Camp Dewey, could not be decorated. On Laguna de Bay we hold Morong, an isolated fort. The insurgents are at Cainta and San Mateo. In other words, we do not yet control the bay of Manila alone. We have only one garrison on the Laguna de Bay, while the rest of the lake is still under insurgent control. Out of a hundred and twenty-three miles of railroad from Manila to Dagupan, we have only thirty-nine miles, or less than one-third. So far as we have gone, the railroad is practically intact, and the insurgents are using eighty-four miles in their possession. The valley of the railroad is of the utmost importance to the enemy, and enables them to transport their troops and provisions. Besides that, all of the territory above San Fernando is rice-land, and furnishes them with provisions. If we held this valley the insurgents would be compelled to take to the hills on the north; yet no effort has been made to land troops at Dagupan and attack the insurgents from two sides along the railroad. Thirty miles to the north, eleven to the south, eight to the east, and Cavite is all the territory possessed by the American forces to-day in Luzon Island. There have been at the disposal of the commanding general thirty thousand men during the last three months, and there was nothing to prevent his moving these troops where and when he pleased. Was it, then, the stubborn fights put up by the insurgents that prevented the immediate capture of the railroad valley and the whole district about Manila? No; for it was found that a small column of Americans, with a few guns, could go anywhere it chose. What was the difficulty, then? Why is it that the American outlook is blacker now than it has been since the beginning of the war?

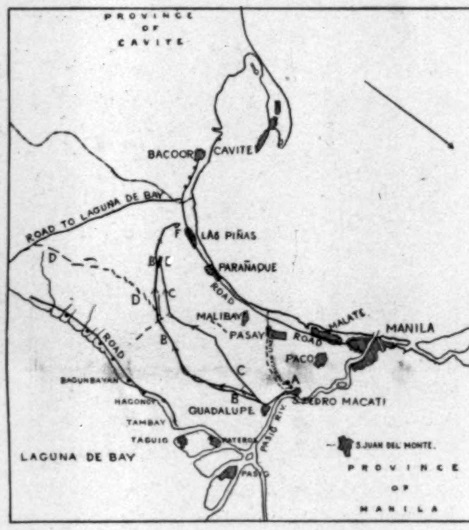
Three reasons present themselves to the observer:

First, the whole population of the islands sympathizes with the insurgents; only those natives whose immediate self-interest requires it are friendly to us. The insurgent army is in no way ready to give in, and its policy of retreating is the one best adapted to the accomplishment of its ends.

The second reason is that our army is ill-equipped and unwieldy in its management.

The third reason is that the plans of campaign followed are not adapted to the nature of the country, the climate, or the people.

Taking up the first reason, there have been only half a dozen natives who have been in confidential relations with the American government here, and most of these—especially those formerly connected with the insurgent government—I believe to be spies of the enemy. It is a standing joke with the officers along the line that when the authorities send out word that there is going to be an attack on their forces at any one point, they may be sure that no attack will take place at the time specified. The most important moves of the insurgents have not reached the Secret Service Department until after they have occurred. The attack on Tondo—the best conceived and executed movement made by the insurgents—fell on us like a thunder-bolt; the attack on the railroad—an organized movement, requiring some time for preparation—was equally unexpected. The utter failure of peace negotiations, and the fact that none of the insurgent emissaries had any power to treat for peace or submit proposals, all point to an unwillingness on the part of the insurgents to give in. Add to this the persistence with which the insurgents carry on a retreating fight, and come back as soon as our troops retire, and the generally hostile attitude of all natives. The fact that natives take refuge within our



THE RECENT OPERATIONS.

A—Where two Brigades concentrated. B—Course taken by Wheaton's Brigade. C—Course taken by Ovenshine's Brigade. D—Course intended for Wheaton's Brigade. E—Bivouac of Ovenshine's Brigade. F—Bivouac of Wheaton's Brigade.

lines is no refutation of this statement, for these people come from the zone of conflict, and they naturally want to get out of the way of the fighting. In every part of the islands where our ships have gone they have found only hostile natives, who acknowledged no allegiance save to the insurgent government. We find it of the utmost difficulty to get guides to show us the way. Experienced native pilots on our gunboats suddenly become ignorant of the character of the lake, the river, and the bay, unexpectedly forgetting the position of the sand bars. The authorities actually believe that the people are tired of the insurrection, and would like to come under American rule if they could only get rid of their chiefs and their army. Yet the half-past-eight-o'clock rule is still on in Manila, and everybody must be in-doors, because the authorities are still afraid of an uprising in the town. The sooner the people of the United States find out that the people of the Philippines do not wish to be governed by us, the better they will be fitted to cope with the great problem out here.

The equipment of the army has been absurdly inadequate for the work required. To chase barefooted insurgents with fleet water-buffalo carts as a wagon-train may be simply ridiculous; but to load volunteers down with two hundred rounds of ammunition and one day's rations, and put on their heads felt hats used by no other army in the world in the tropics, in order to trot these same soldiers in the broiling sun over a country without roads, is positively criminal. Out of as strong and robust an army as ever wore shoe-leather, there are five thousand men in the general hospital to-day, or sixteen per cent. of the whole army. A large number of General MacArthur's men are afflicted with irritated hearts, due to over-exertion. Coolies were tried in the last expedition to Las Piñas, but their number was insufficient. Long ago an army of coolies should have been organized to carry all the rations and most of the ammunition of the soldiers in the field. There are no pioneer corps in the army, no road-builders in a country where roads are necessary to success. Not only have we built no roads, but we have not even kept those in and about Manila in good repair.

The plan for crushing the insurrection has varied in policy from time to time. Pasig, the second largest town in Luzon, was looted and burned; the villages for miles along the southern shore of Laguna de Bay were laid waste. The barbarous native should be taught how terrible war waged by American soldiers was. Then came a period when sometimes a town was burned and sometimes it was not, no plan being apparently followed. The insurgents are a good deal like children, and they imitated us; instead of leaving their towns for us to burn, they burnt them themselves. Aguinaldo issued the order. About half the towns that were destroyed along the railroad to Malolos were burned by us, the other half by the insurgents. The town of Guiguinto I saw set on fire by our men and burn up, no steps being taken to punish the offenders. The height of the ridiculous was reached when Malolos, the next town, five miles up the railroad, beyond Guiguinto, was captured. Here the utmost care was taken by our officers to protect property; a brigadier-general rode into town and declaimed dramatically that the honor of the United States required that our conduct should contrast with that of the insurgents. The latter burned and pillaged, while we protected property and the rights of the people. The Spaniards were especially hated by the natives because they burned and pillaged in their war with the insurgents. We have waged a harsh and a philanthropic war at the same time. This policy, or, rather, lack of policy, would bewilder a civilized people; it is not likely to give the native that confidence which it is our endeavor to create. Now there has been a great hue-and-cry made because the insurgents mutilated two of our dead by cutting off their ears, and yet one or two of our own scouts made a practice of cutting off the ears of the insurgents they killed, and preserving them as trophies. Needless to say this custom, when discovered, was stopped by the officers. Outrages on either side I believe to be isolated cases, with the honors fairly divided. There are bad men in every army.

At last, in General Lawton's expeditions, a definite policy has been adopted. There is no looting or burning, and the soldiers generally have to pay for what they get. If we are waging a philanthropic war, Lawton's policy is the correct one, but it increases tenfold the difficulty of crushing the insurrection, for the resources of the insurgents are the resources of the people of the island.

In this campaign we have made a series of raids into the insurgents' territory, with the purpose of crushing the forces of the enemy. After each of these raids the American troops withdrew, and the insurgents returned, encouraged with the idea that we could not hold the points taken. When General Anderson first took Pasig in December, the presidente formally surrendered the town. General Anderson was ordered to withdraw because his line was too long for the number of men under his command. The insurgents came back to Pasig, and their first act was to hang the presidente for treason in surrendering to the Americans. Presidentes do not surrender towns to us any more. When we returned to Pasig we found the place well fortified, and we suffered some loss in retaking it. This process might go on indefinitely. The Macabebes are our best, and, I believe, our only, friends on Luzon Island, and yet, after we had entered the town of Macabebe, where we were received with enthusiasm, our forces, withdrawing, allowed the insurgents to burn the town. This latter episode was not only a violation of one of the most common rules of conduct—"stand by your friends"; it was the grossest mistake in policy. In every town we now take, those inhabitants (and they are very few) who remain behind beg us to leave a garrison when we depart, because, if we do not, the insurgents on returning will treat them as enemies of their country. If there happen to be any natives inclined to be non-combative and to remain in their homes, they become very shy about making friends with the Americans.

Of the many villages taken by Lawton in his march northward, only Baliuag has been retained. San Isidro is again the capital of the insurgent government. Santa Cruz and the other towns on the lake were abandoned to the insurgents after a body of 1500 men had been taken in cascos, at great expense, to the spot, and many lives had been lost; one hundred insurgents were killed. The object of the whole expedition was subsequently explained to be the capture of a few launches, which, from their blockaded position in the river, were practically valueless to the enemy. These expeditions, lacking the purpose of holding the land conquered, alienate population already hostile, encourage insurgents, teach them true methods of fighting us, and exhaust our own men.

This point brings up the whole question of what ought to be done. In the first place, business is at the stagnation-point, and business men say it cannot revive until we have occupied all the important points in Luzon. This move would not only increase our own revenue and tend to establish confidence among the people, but it would also cripple the insurgents by depriving them of ports. The valley of the railroad should be taken and held. All important towns in the interior should be garrisoned and held. In this way the insurrection would gradually die out. But for such a campaign 100,000 troops are necessary, and cavalry for extended scouting tours, where infantry is now used, with great exhaustion to the men.

I do not say that 100,000 men are needed, without due consideration. Granted, for purposes of argument, that the 30,000 troops now in the islands are placed to the best possible advantage. There are between 4000 and 5000 men in the hospital. These are not the officially reported figures, which are 3000, I believe, but I have it from a doctor that the real figures are being suppressed—for what reason Heaven only knows, since the matter will out in time. Fifteen thousand men are in and about Manila, on the line around the city, in offices of civil government, etc., and in small garrisons in towns still held; 5809 men are in the southern islands; 1299 are in the signal, hospital, and engineer corps. This leaves about 8000 men in the effective fighting force on the north and south for any forward movement. When it is considered that every such movement requires more men to hold the lines taken, it will at once become apparent that the American advance has about reached the end of its rope. Unless the insurgents fall to pieces by natural disintegration—and I believe the authorities have counted on this process more than on the force of arms—the insurrection will prosper for some time to come.

The Plans for the Twelfth Census

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THE CARD FOR INDIVIDUAL STATISTICS.

All through the summer preparations have been going busily on in Washington for a great publishing enterprise, which will be launched promptly on the first day of the coming June. The results of the undertaking will begin to appear in finished form two years from that date, and will continue to be brought out at intervals for three or four years thereafter. The publisher is the government; the publication will be designated as the Twelfth Census of the United States.

The twelfth census will differ in several particulars from any of the preceding ones. It will be conducted on a larger scale, as there are of course more people to be enumerated. It will embrace a greater area; for the first time the inhabitants of Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico are to be included in the count. Moreover, the coming census will be the first in which all the work of recording and computing statistics is to be done by mechanical means. Electric tabulating-machines were introduced for this purpose toward the close of the eleventh census, but in the coming enumeration they will be relied upon entirely.

The thorough organization necessary in order successfully to carry through such an undertaking as this may be appreciated when one reflects upon the labor involved in counting seventy-five millions of anything—a task that would require one man's undivided energies for twelve hours a day during more than a year and a half. In the case of the census the labor is multiplied by the consideration that the seventy-five million units are human beings, concerning each of whom a dozen facts must be recorded, and that they are scattered over some four million square miles of the earth's surface.

The task of taking the census will require altogether the services of more than forty thousand persons. They will be separated into two main divisions—the field forces, and the headquarters staff in Washington.

The former will include by far the greater number—nearly forty thousand, all told. These will be the enumerators, who will gather the required information from all parts of the country, and the superintendents in charge of this branch of the work. The data thus collected will be compiled and prepared for publication by a staff of three thousand clerks in the central office.

Roughly speaking, there will be one enumerator for each township throughout the country, or, in the cities, one for each ward. The enumerators will be local residents appointed by the Director of the Census, on the recommendation of some influential person, usually the Congressman from the district. The superintendents will have charge of divisions generally the same in limits as the Congressional districts. In the case of the larger cities, however, there will be but one superintendent to each city, although his territory may include several Congressional districts. In Massachusetts, where an efficient census bureau exists under the direction of the State authorities, there will be a single superintendent.

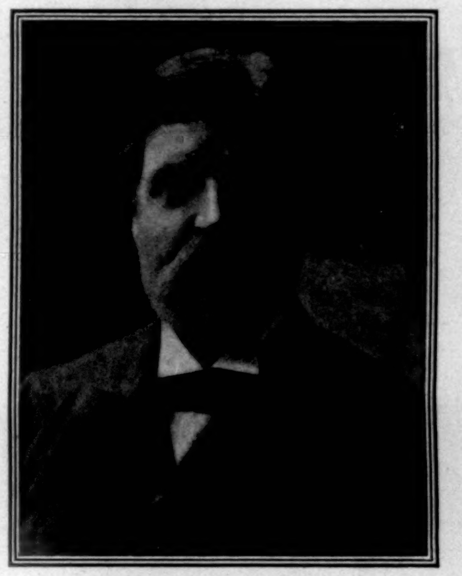
The enumerators are expected to start on their rounds on June 1, 1900. They will be supplied beforehand with portfolios containing blank schedules on which to enter the name of each person in their districts, together with the information provided for by law. Most of them can complete their tasks within a few days, and will receive from $50 to $150 for their services, according to the amount of work involved. As soon as the schedules are completed and revised, under the direction of the district superintendents, they will be forwarded to Washington.

Here is where the work of putting the census data into intelligible and valuable form will be done, and here is where the tabulating machinery will come into play. These machines, by-the-way, are the invention of a former census employé, Mr. Herman Hollerith. They were designed with a special view to use in the census, although they have proved valuable for other statistical work.

By this system the statistics concerning each person will appear on a separate punched card. About seventy-five millions of these cards will be required, therefore, to contain all the data collected for the census.

The cards are numbered to correspond with the numbers opposite the names in the schedules. They contain two hundred and eighty-eight symbols, each of which is an abbreviation representing some fact within the range of the census enumeration. They are punched by means of a machine something like a type-writer in appearance, which has on its key-board a reproduction of all the symbols on the cards.

In recording the statistics a clerk reads from the schedules the information entered opposite a certain name to an operator seated at the key-board of the punching-machine. With a little practice this punching-machine can be operated as fast as an ordinary type-writer. Experience has shown that the average number of records that



FREDERICK H. WINES,
Assistant Director.

one clerk can transfer from the schedules to the cards is seven hundred per day. It is the intention of the Census Bureau to put one thousand clerks at work with these machines as soon as the returns are in, so that this branch of the work should be completed in about a hundred days.

From the punching-machine the record cards go to the electric tabulating-machine, which is even more ingenious. In form it is something like an upright piano. In the face of the upper part of the box are set a number of indicator dials, each one devoted to some one set of facts comprehended in the census. Inside the machine is a complicated system of electric wiring connecting these indicators with the operating apparatus.

It is the mission of this machine to total the various facts recorded on the punched cards. To do this the punched cards are slipped into the machine beneath a set of electric needles, mounted on spiral springs. The operator presses these needles down upon the card. Wherever there are punch-holes the needles pass through and dip into a cup of mercury placed beneath. An electric circuit is thus completed, which moves up the indicators on the connected dials one point and records the particular fact indicated by each punch-hole. The totals are always in view on the indicators, and are copied off on slips at the end of each run.

The old plan of computing these statistics was by a laborious system of hand-tallying. It may be readily believed that, with the increasing amount of labor involved in each succeeding census, this would become an interminable task. The improvement effected by the substitution of an automatic process in this work can be judged by the fact that one machine does the labor of twenty clerks under the old system. Each machine is capable of disposing of five thousand cards per day. About one hundred and fifty of them will be required to keep up with the clerks at work with the punching-machines.

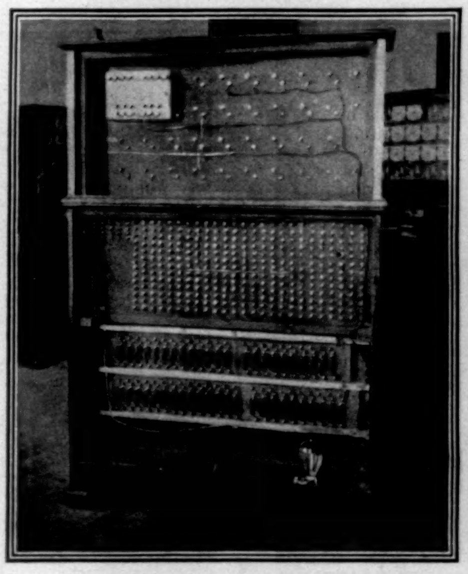
Not only is the system of mechanical computation more rapid than that of hand-tallying, but it is more accurate. If one of the details—say that of sex—is not punched, the electric plunger will not register, and the automatic bell at the side of the machine which announces the completion of the record will not ring. It is, then, a comparatively easy matter to go back and supply the missing information. Under the hand-tallying system it was almost impossible to discover a mistake.

The statistics computed by the machines will be copied on record slips and turned over to another force of one thousand clerks, whose business will be to make up tables and prepare copy for the printers.

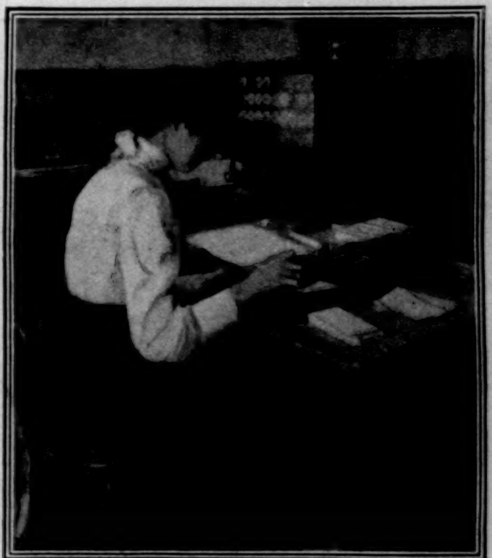
In the eleventh census seven years elapsed before the final volume of the principal report—that on population—was off the presses. In the census of 1880 the last volume was published in 1889. By the act of Congress providing for the coming enumeration it was stipulated that the four principal reports—on population, mortality, agriculture, and manufactures—must be ready for publication on July 1, 1902. Director Merriam and his assistants expect to accomplish this feat without difficulty, and they will be greatly aided in doing so by the use of the automatic tabulating-machines.

The Director of the twelfth census is Mr. William R. Merriam, ex-Governor of Minnesota. The actual work of preparing the statistical information of the census for publication will be in charge of Assistant-Director Frederick H. Wines. Mr. Wines has had long experience in this sort of work. He was in charge of one department of the eleventh census, and was employed also in the census of 1880. As assistants to Mr. Wines there are five chief statisticians, all experts in their lines, to each of whom will be assigned one department.

TABULATING RECORDS.



ELECTRICAL TABULATING-MACHINE.



THE PUNCHING-MACHINE.

Highest Dam in the World

WITH its present sources of supply, the Denver Water Company is able to furnish daily a maximum of 50,000,000 gallons. Realizing that the time is not far distant when the system will be daily taxed to its utmost to supply the demands of the people of Denver, the company began some years ago carefully to investigate numerous possibilities for a mammoth storage reservoir, in which it might impound the winter flow of the South Platte River and Goose Creek, its principal tributary, these small streams being the only ones available for the purpose.

After some twenty sites had been examined and rejected, Mr. W. S. Cheesman, president of the company, together with Mr. C. P. Allen, the chief engineer of the Denver works, fixed upon the basin of the South Fork of the South Platte River, 48 miles from the city and 28 miles from the nearest railroad. The location is in a country so wild and so secluded as to be almost unknown even to the most venturesome fishermen and prospectors. It lies almost in the shadow of Pikes Peak, and is surrounded by mountains from 9000 to 13,000 feet in height. In this basin will be stored from 35 to 60 billion gallons of water.

The basin is so remarkable as to be almost a freak of nature. The outlet of the river is through a wild gorge, scarcely 25 feet wide at the narrowest part. As seen from the only side from which the entrance can be approached, the impression is forced upon one that the stream has cut for itself a subterranean channel. Bowlders which fell from the overhanging cliffs dammed the passage at some prehistoric period, and formed what must have been one of the most beautiful lakes imaginable. Erosion destroyed this natural dam in the course of centuries, and the lake eventually became drained, leaving the river flowing through its former course in the valley. This primeval dam the Denver Water Company proposes to rebuild so strongly that nothing short of some extraordinary convulsion of nature can affect its permanence.

The marvellous structure which is now rising into existence a few paces within the entrance to this awe-inspiring cañon will be the loftiest dam in the world. So quietly has the work upon this dam been carried on for months that probably not one hundred citizens of Denver, and certainly none elsewhere, have ever heard of it. It will rise, as at present planned, 210 feet above the present level of the stream, and it may easily be raised to 230 feet. The bed of the stream is of adamantine granite, upon which an ordinary charge of dynamite makes but slight impression. The gorge is so narrow at this point that at its base the dam will be barely 25 feet across, and in the first fifty feet of its height it will be increased to only 50 feet. Then it will slope gradually outward on the south side, while on the north it will cling to the colossal and almost perpendicular buttress of natural granite.

The face of this mighty dam will be an impervious shield of steel, erected at an angle of ½ to 1. This will be made up of 1130 steel plates, each 10 feet by 5, and ⅜ inch thick, all thoroughly coated with asphalt to prevent corrosion. These great plates will be securely riveted together and to huge steel beams, which will be deeply embedded in the living granite, and will extend to the very top of the dam. The anchorages to the side walls and bottom will be extra-heavy beams, bolted every two inches by strong split bolts to the face of the granite, in which holes a foot in depth are being drilled, into which the bolts will be driven by heavy sledge-hammers. These bolts will be further secured by highest-grade cement, which will also cover all of the interstices of the anchorages. Behind this steel facing, the only one of the kind in the world, will be two feet of the choicest concrete, laid by the most expert workmen. Behind this again will be 15 feet of hand-laid granite blocks. Backing all this up will be 600 feet of granite bowlders, which will be hurled from the top and sides of the gorge by giant-powder, or dropped into the chasm from cars which will be run out upon a unique bridge which is now being constructed across the gorge at a height of 200 feet for this sole purpose. The fall of these masses of granite, nearly all of which will weigh several tons, will shatter them into fragments with a terrific force, causing the pieces to be packed more closely than human hands could place them.

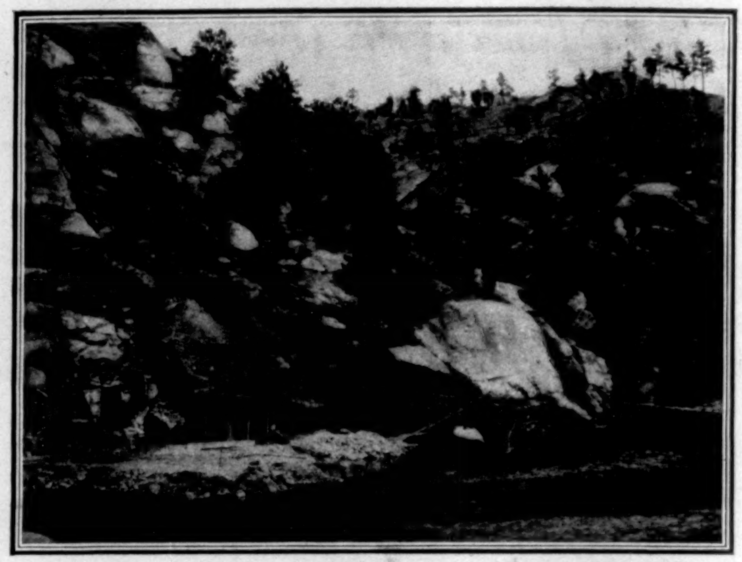
To provide an exit for the surplus waters when the reservoir shall be full, three outlets have been arranged, two of them unique in the history of reservoir construction. These are two great tunnels blasted through the living granite, 100 feet from the dam, one from the bottom of the reservoir, and the other from the 110-foot level. Each of these is seven feet wide and six feet high. One goes straight in, and the other enters at an angle of 45 degrees. The two unite just beyond the centre of the 470-foot natural granite buttress to form one outlet tunnel eight feet wide and nine feet high, which debouches into the gorge below the toe of the dam. The upper tunnel is intended to be the main waste-weir, through which the surplus water of the reservoir will flow to fulfil the requirements of the irrigation law and regulate the flow of the South Platte past Denver's main pumping-station. The impetus of the discharge will be so great as to throw a solid stream the size of the mouth of the tunnel against the opposite wall of the cañon, with a force estimated at 15,000 horse-power. This it is intended ultimately to harness for a huge electrical power plant. In a depression between two great granite bowlders at the 200-foot level of the reservoir and a few rods north of the dam will be a great spillway of the ordinary variety.

In the lower tunnel, about 30 feet before it joins the upper one, is a lateral gallery blasted out of the solid granite. This is 45 feet in length, seven feet high, and 12 feet broad, and in this the great cut-off valves are now being placed. These giant twin valves, which are of brass at all exposed points, weigh 22 tons. They are braced by huge steel beams, embedded three and one-half feet at top and bottom in the virgin granite. Gigantic and costly as these are, they will be only secondary, for the main reliance will be reposed in two 18-ton, four-part, brass and steel valves, which will hermetically close the reservoir entrances to the two tunnels. The great inner valves will ordinarily be closed only to prevent the back-flow from the 110-foot level. All of the valves will be operated by hydraulic pressure, through lead-lined steel pipes laid in solid cement, and carried to an engine-house on the top of the mountain. The mechanism is so perfect that one man can easily close them in a few moments.

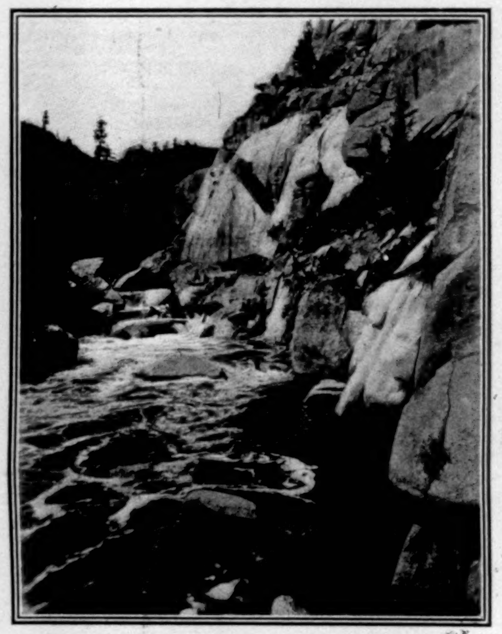
The reservoir itself will cover an irregularly shaped basin, at present cut into many patches by hills of granite from 100 to 500 feet in height. Its greatest width will be about one and one-quarter miles. Up the South Platte the waters of the lake will extend seven miles, with numerous side-shoots up pretty little gulches. Scores of granite hummocks will be completely submerged, and throughout its extent the lake will be dotted with granite islands capped by majestic pines.

Work upon the main tunnel was begun from both ends January 24 and both tunnels were completed June 22. When work on the dam shall be thoroughly under way the number of workmen may be increased to 200 or more, in order to insure the completion of the undertaking in time to begin the storage of the waters at the close of the present irrigation season. For the workmen a regular village has been established, and every comfort and many luxuries provided.

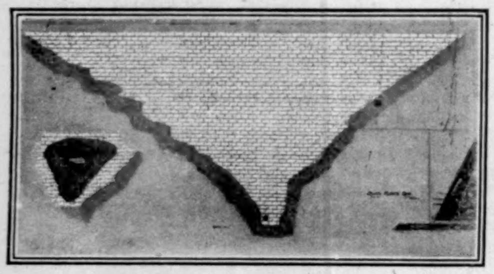
W. M. PHILLIPS.



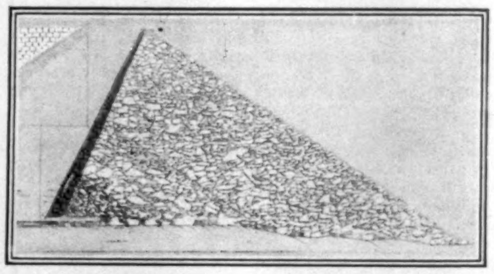
ENTRANCE TO LOWER WASTEWAY TUNNEL.



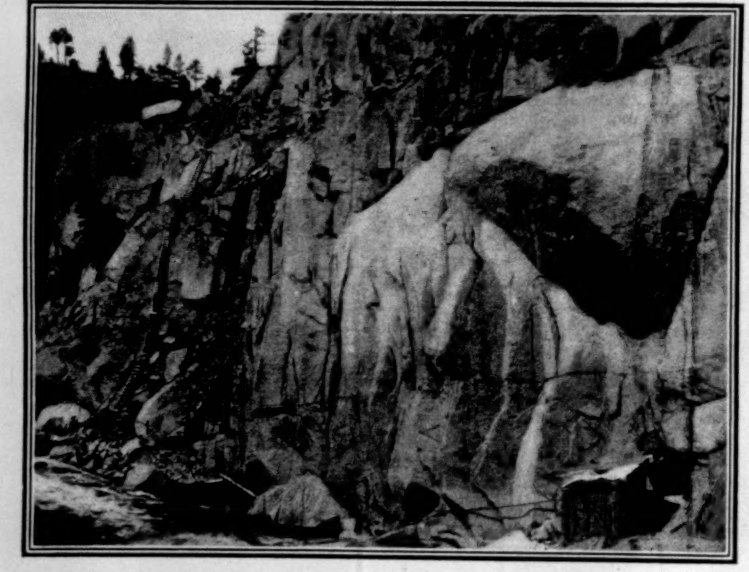
GORGE BELOW THE DAM, SHOWING EXIT OF THE GREAT TUNNEL.



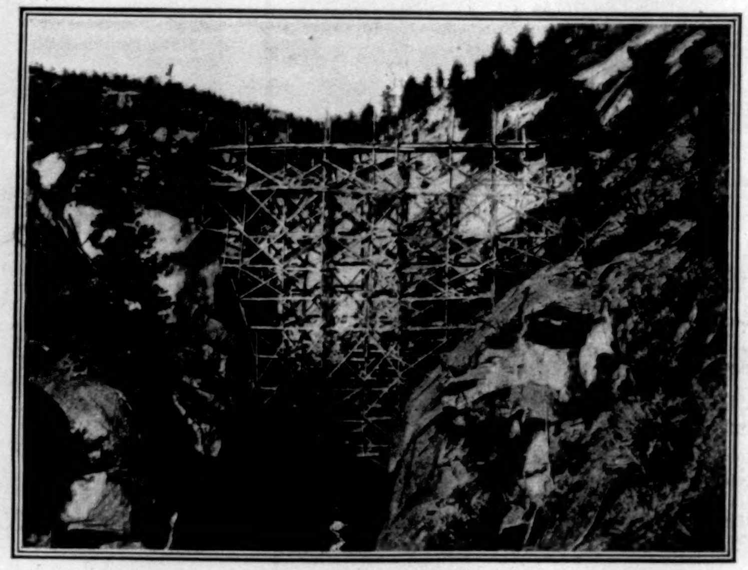
FACE OF DAM, SHOWING STEEL PLATES AND ANCHOR WALLS.



CROSS-SECTION OF DAM, SHOWING ROCKS IN BACKING.



FACE OF GORGE.



COMPLETED FALSEWORK AT THE LOWER BRIDGE.

AMATEUR SPORT

Correspondence is invited on all subjects pertaining to Sport, and the readers of this Department should promptly send in their names and addresses on postal cards, in order that they may receive advance notices of books on Sport, Adventure, and Travel in course of publication by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS. C. W.

LAWN-TENNIS play this season has made two important and gratifying disclosures—first, that there is obvious and sincere revival of active interest in the game; second, that the average of skill among the leading men has by no means deteriorated.

To those who have not actually seen M. D. Whitman, D. F. Davis, and L. E. Ware at their best in recent tournaments, that second statement will be received, I

ASTOR CUP FOR SCHOONERS.

fancy, with a measure of scepticism. Frankly speaking—not having seen them last year at Newport—I was one of the unbelievers, until I watched their work this summer. With W. A. Larned and R. D. Wrenn in the Rough Riders in '98, and general interest in the game at low ebb, many viewed the National Championships at Newport last year as abandoned to the second class, and, therefore, return of Larned and Wrenn to the game this year was popularly supposed to bring Whitman and Davis back to their proper level, and reveal how far the standard of the American game had fallen last year.

R. D. Wrenn has made no tournament appearance this season, and it is doubtful, indeed, if he will; but through G. L. Wrenn, Jr., and W. A. Larned there has been abundant opportunity for fair judgment of standards. Larned, it is true, has displayed even greater tendency than usual to periods of loose, erratic play; but he has also shown sufficient of his true form to make trustworthy comparison.

DOUBT of Whitman's class is not possible after following him through the Longwood and Southampton tournaments. If there is an American first class, he certainly belongs in it, and, in my judgment, at its head. I believe his game stronger not only than that of Larned or R. D. Wrenn, but of any champion this country has yet developed. Whitman's game has what every other American champion has lacked—viz., all-round strength. He is first-class in every department, at home on the back line as at the net, and with a service at once so severe and brilliant as to distinguish him above all others. He seems also to have those splendid match-playing qualities with which R. D. Wrenn is so generously endowed, and if, therefore, the Englishmen Eaves and Mahoney do finally come over, we need have no fears of their carrying off the American championship.

Davis belongs easily in the first class on the merit of his play, aside altogether from his Longwood victory over Larned, but his game has nothing like the quality or the strength of Whitman's, and a match between them must always be viewed as foregone so far as its conclusion is concerned. In fact, unless he acquires greater variety and adds finesse to his play, Davis is apt to be passed by one or two others whom now he usually defeats. Prominent among these is L. E. Ware, who, if indeed he has not already passed Davis, is rapidly acquiring the ability to do so. At present they are very evenly matched, though Ware was slow in attaining form, and even suffered defeat by Paret, who is strong and dependable in his work, and always a dangerous opponent to those in the immediate ranking above him. He too has made an excellent record and great improvement in the last two years.

INTEREST in the National championship in singles at Newport this week centres not so much around the possible champion—for nothing short of accident seems likely to prevent Whitman's successful defence of his title—as in the possible survivors in the semi-final round. There is sure to be a great deal of play through the second and third rounds that will be both entertaining and instructive; for many of the second-raters have yet to try conclusions, one with the other, and most of them are in process of development. Among J. A. Allen, E. P. Larned, R. McKittrick, Beals Wright, Holcomb Ward, Alfred Codman, J. P. Paret, C. R. Budlong, E. P. Fischer, and H. H. Hackett there is sure to be exciting competition; and if W. S. Bond, Kreigh Collins, S. R. Neel, and L. H. Waidner come on from the West, as promised, play in these rounds will be doubly interesting, for the Westerners are of about the same class as the Eastern men named. Collins was the Western champion until Carr Neel defeated him last month, and Bond is not much inferior. Allen has already beaten S. Neel, and Paret has defeated Bond.

WARE, Davis, G. L. Wrenn, and Larned seem the four most likely to be seen in the semi-finals—unless they happen to meet one another in the earlier rounds, in which case a lesser light will shine for a brief period. This is assuming, too, that Carr Neel and R. D. Wrenn do not enter. The former recently won the Western championship, and appears to be playing about as strongly as several years ago, when he ranked well up among the first ten. It is said his professional duties would keep him from Newport, though his entry would introduce an upsetting factor and greatly please. C. Neel could not defeat Whitman—but he would have an excellent chance against Davis and G. L. Wrenn, though only a fair one against Ware, whose game is less aggressive than that of Davis, but more crafty and better planned.

If Wrenn (R. D.) enters, and is really in form, he ought to win the All Comers. And the most obstinate opponents encountered would be C. Neel and Ware. The game Davis plays would perhaps be less formidable to Wrenn than to any other player at Newport—unless it be Whitman—and therefore the young Harvard player could hardly prove a serious obstacle to the older Harvard man's (Wrenn's) progress in the All Comers. If Wrenn does not enter, C. Neel will have an excellent opportunity of winning the tournament; and with his entry out, the All Comers winner is a toss up among Ware, Larned, and Davis, with the chances somewhat in order as the men are named. Larned is such an uncertain quantity, one is always at loss to place him; should he manage to retain his top form through four sets, I believe his best game is still stronger than that of any other All Comer candidate, and his success in such form would therefore be assured. But he is quite as apt to show only his poorer form in the semi-finals—if, indeed, he does not before—and in consequence be put entirely out of the running.

IT has been asserted and contradicted, and reaffirmed only to be denied again, that Eaves and Mahoney, the British players, are coming over for Newport. They and several others were to have arrived last month for a special tournament proposed at St. George's, but that failing, we had Southampton, which was, despite the lack of international flavoring, much more to be desired, and more satisfying, taking all things into consideration.

"LATONA."

Should the Englishmen come, after all, as just at the moment is claimed for them, they will of course add greatly to the interest of the tournament; and Eaves, with R. D. Wrenn out, would stand a fair chance of winning the All Comers cup, although Ware or Davis might put him out, and, I fancy, the slam-bang aggressive game Davis plays would be peculiarly deadly to Eaves. But if the Englishmen do come, Wrenn will undoubtedly enter, provided he is in any kind of form, in which event Eaves's hope of the All Comers must surely vanish.

It is to be hoped one of the oft-repeated rumors concerning the coming of the Englishmen will materialize, and that Eaves and Mahoney will be found among the starters August 15. Apart from the international coloring, they would provide a practical illustration of the advance made by the erstwhile second-raters. For my part, I should not be at all surprised if our younger players, so called, made a much stronger showing against them than did the older players several years ago.

At all events, whoever wins the All Comers—whether it be R. D. Wrenn, C. Neel, Ware, Larned, Davis, or Eaves—I have utmost confidence in Whitman's ability to defeat him for the championship.

WHITMAN SERVING.

PLAY in doubles is quite certain to show considerable improvement on the average form exhibited last year. Already some promising teams have performed at Longwood and Southampton, not to mention the July tournament at Chicago. Those who have made the best showing are Whitman and G. L. Wrenn, Jr., Budlong and Wright, Ward and Davis, Allen and Hackett.

There have also been some other combinations that have yielded good, and in some instances startling, results, as, for instance, the defeat of Ward and Davis by Allen and McKittrick, and the latter subsequently beaten by Whitman and Ware, who made a telling combination of speed, accuracy, and brilliancy. Allen and Hackett, who recently won the Western doubles, will

DAVIS AND WARD—DAVIS WAITING A LOB.

DAVIS ON THE BACK LINE, AND ALERT.

WHITMAN RUNNING TO NET AFTER SERVING.

meet Davis and Ward this week at Newport for the right to challenge Ware and Sheldon, the present National champions. The struggle should be close, though the chances appear to be in favor of Davis and Ward, with the Western, as well as with the National team.

TOURNAMENTS have been especially notable and attractive this season by the reappearance of a few of the first-class players of several years ago, and the comparisons afforded between their game and the game of to-day. It may be said, without hesitation, that the standard of American play has been advanced fully twenty-five per cent. within half a dozen years. The game which O. S. Campbell exhibited so brilliantly and effectively in '90–2 could not to-day win one set in four from the kind of game Whitman is showing, while the play which gave H. W. Slocum the championship in '88–9 could scarcely to-day win an inter-scholastic tournament. And, by-the-way, not half the heretofore Newport entries could win an inter-scholastic tournament, either.

No better illustration of the pace at which the game has improved could be provided than the showing of D. F. Davis against W. A. Larned. A couple of years ago Davis probably could not have won half a dozen games in three sets. This season he has defeated Larned once, and at the other meeting played him a losing three set match (11–13, 7–5, 6–3). Now it is not that Larned's game has deteriorated in the last two years—though his mediocre periods do seem to come more frequently than formerly—but Davis's game and Ware's game, and the game of Whitman and Beals Wright, and of all the other coming players, suggest more thorough understanding of the principles of tennis and more masterful execution.

In a word, the game of these younger men shows the unwavering grasp of principle and the providence of the Englishmen, added to the brilliancy of strokes for which the Americans have always been noted. It is a surer, faster, and harder game, and especially severe in service.

A. E. FOOTE and R. P. Huntington were the earliest of the veteran brigade to reappear, and made their '99 début in the New England championship—in which Huntington was defeated by C. P. Dodge, whom Foote subsequently beat in the final, and thereby secured the title through default of the holder. Foote has not made another public appearance, but Huntington partnered O. S. Campbell at Longwood—and these, the one-time National champions, had considerable difficulty in beating Marvin and Codman, and against Budlong and Wright were on the fifth set, with the score two sets all, and 4–1 against them on the fifth, when Campbell, by slipping on the court, had the cruel misfortune to throw his knee out of place.

It must be said that though individually Campbell and Huntington showed good form, the latter seemingly up to his former tournament average, and the former not so invariably accurate in his placing from the net—yet as a team they showed sore need of practice, and played distinctly below the doubles form which won them so many honors in days agone.

Southampton furnished the next and, up to now, last opportunity for comparing the game of the early nineties with that of the closing century; and on this occasion it must be acknowledged the old style was very cleverly exploited, and the result stubbornly contested by first Ford and then by R. P. Huntington.

It seemed to me that both of these played about as well as I ever remember them doing; R. P. especially, in his match with Whitman, rallied frequently and brilliantly, and played a speedy, accurate game that kept Whitman at work, and oftentimes passed him when he ran to the net. 'Twas Whitman's severe service and rare skill in handling Huntington's lobs that finally gave the champion victory (6–4, 6–4, 6–4).

Ford Huntington was equally unfortunate in drawing Ware in the very first round, for the test was severe; and though he played his game for all it was worth—and it was worth a great deal—Huntington had no remedy for Ware's smashing from the net.

The modern player must be equally facile in the back court as at the net, and in this respect Whitman and Ware are especially favored.

LONGWOOD, among club tournaments, has come to be regarded as bearing most importantly upon the eventual adjustment of honors at Newport. In recent years it is the only tournament where all matches are decided by the best three out of five sets—and the management has always been above criticism. Then, too, Longwood seems to abound in special attractions; nearly every year some feature is added, which makes the week of play second only to Newport. All the visiting foreign players made their first appearance on these courts—Pim, Goodbody, Eaves, Mahoney, and Nisbet—so we look to Longwood each year to provide the unusual.

The feature of this year's tournament was the return of Campbell and Huntington to the doubles, but, as previously said, they were not sufficiently in practice to give a good account of themselves.

There were forty-eight entries in the singles and nineteen pairs in the doubles, which included just about all the more active and the best of present players. Naturally Larned's progress through the tournament was attentively followed, that an estimate might be made of his chances at Newport, but little of a satisfactory nature resulted. The difficulty he experienced defeating first McKittrick (10–8, 10–8, 6–2), and then Wright (6–4, 11–9, 6–4)—who, by-the-way, ought to win the Inter-scholastic championship this year—was significant of the increasing strength of the present-day game, and indicative of Larned's inability to consistently play as well as he knows how.

THEREFORE no especial surprise was created by his eventual defeat in the final round by Davis (3–6, 4–6, 6–4, 6–2, 6–1), particularly when the narrow margin that gave Larned victory over Davis in the Middle States championship was recalled. Another match with significant result was that in which Davis beat G. L. Wrenn, Jr. (6–3, 6–4, 6–8, 6–4).

As Whitman had beaten Larned for the Middle States championship (6–1, 4–6, 6–4, 6–2), so also by the same character of play he defeated Davis (6–1, 6–4, 7–5) for the Longwood Challenge Bowl—a speed ever changing, a short-cut stroke that placed the ball in unexpected quarters and gave it a puzzling twisting bound, active generalship of singular force, and the peculiarly severe service which Whitman has always employed, though never with the consummate skill revealed this season.

For the Eastern doubles championship, play was not nearly of so high an order as obtained in the singles; in fact, for the most part the doubles work was mediocre, due entirely to insufficient team practice, for the leading men in the singles were nearly all of one or another of the many combinations that made up the doubles entry list. Whitman and G. L. Wrenn, Jr., made a fair showing, as did also Budlong and Wright, but both were outclassed and beaten in straight sets by Ward and Davis.

The real surprise of the Longwood tournament was Ware's defeat by Paret, for, despite the latter's improvement and really good game, the two are not of the same rank. Yet Paret undoubtedly played the better tennis, and earned his victory by the steadier work. The pace was always fast, with Ware obviously not in form to sustain it, for he repeatedly drove returns into the net, and failed to execute his strokes with the power and cleverness they usually show. G. L. Wrenn, Jr., provided a comparative line on the Western tennis standard by beating (6–4, 6–4, 6–0) W. S. Bond, who is ranked third in the West.

JUDGE HOWLAND is habitually happy in action as well as in speech, and the Southampton invitation tournament, created through his efforts, further and plenteously testified to his rare endowment. The invariable success of this kind of tournament is provocative of some surprise that more of a similar character are not given through the season—both East and West.

There has been talk from time to time of lawn-tennis dying because of the coming of golf; there is no doubt that when the fever of driving and putting first assailed us many succumbed without a struggle—because (1) it was a popular ailment—insidious in its attack; (2) it provided a game in which the old boys and the young boys could meet on common ground and even footing; (3) it offered much in a recreative way attractive to both young and old.

No one who is observing and intelligent denies the distinct merit of golf or doubts its permanency in favor; by the same token, none will give heed to the dismal prophecies touching lawn-tennis. Golf will draw on the middle-aged ranks in tennis, but tennis will never lose its popularity with the younger sportsmen, or with those who seek a game which demands much of the head and the muscles.

Tournaments may have been fewer in the last two years than formerly, but no lessening of individual players is discoverable throughout the country, and, as the public exhibitions this year fully attest, there certainly has been no lowering of the quality of playing skill. There is ample room for both golf and lawn-tennis; each has its field; and it is my deliberate judgment that one helps the other. I hope Judge Howland will follow up this year's efforts with others of like nature next year, and that his example be followed elsewhere.

SOUTHAMPTON was especially interesting by reason of the play it afforded in singles between the Huntingtons and Whitman and Ware, and, as I have already written in another paragraph, the older players, although defeated, made a markedly strong showing. Larned was expected to give some indication of the form he will disclose this week at Newport, and if the style of his play against J. D. Pell is really to be accepted as a sample of what is coming, then Larned will not reach the semi-finals. Pell is one of the promising players, and perhaps among the best of that lot; but he had no license to defeat Larned, and could not have done so but for the latter's very loose play in the second and third sets, in which he netted and knocked out of court more balls than he placed. The real ranking of Pell was disclosed on the following day, when J. A. Allen beat him (8–6, 5–7, 6–1, 6–4). These two, Allen and Pell, together with Holcomb Ward, Alfred Codman, R. McKittrick, and E. P. Larned, are six of the very best of the second class, and will be sure to furnish interesting play at Newport this week. Allen at present is the strongest of the lot; he worked his way to the final round in the Western singles championships, defeating S. Neel *en route*, but was beaten by C. Neel—6–4, 6–4, 2–6, 6–3. He very probably will end the season in the first class, unless his recently strained ankle does not keep him off the court too long.

WHITMAN-WARE duel in the final round, for all that it went to the former in straight sets, was quite the best tennis and the most interesting match of the week, if not of the season. There is quite a similarity in the style of these two, even in their movements on the court. Both have speed and brilliancy, and each varies his game, from base-line play to strong smashing at the net. They had met early in the season for the Canadian championship title, which Ware held,—and Whitman had emerged victorious from the struggle; meantime Ware had sought every opportunity for practice, to assure the needed return to form—and incidentally been beaten by Paret.

In his match with Davis at Southampton, Ware proved that his preliminary work had not been unavailing, for he showed quite his best form of the year. Davis's efforts failed of attaining previous results, and apparently he was off his game, though I incline to the opinion that lack of the spirit of confidence was more the case than absence of his usual strokes. Davis's game is a winning one against an opponent prone to nervousness or faint-heartedness, but against one of equal skill, who is not dismayed by its simple aggressiveness, and has some variety in his own game to offer in return—it is certain to lose its dash and much of its chance of success.

Now Ware's game is just the kind to defeat Davis; it has speed, accuracy, and variety, and with the two at their best, Ware should win every time, as he did at Southampton (10–8, 6–3, 2–6, 6–1). The play of Davis lacks variety, and in just that particular Ware is resourceful.

BUT though all these qualities were introduced by Ware in his match against Whitman, the latter was always strong enough to withstand their most adroit application, and clever enough to reply with tactics even more irresistible. Nothing he has done so thoroughly demonstrates Whitman's invariable steadiness, and absolute control of his strokes and himself at critical moments, as his defeat of Ware at Southampton (7–5, 6–4, 8–6).

Ware opened the game, employing all the speed and brilliancy of which he is capable, which is saying a great deal, and he maintained it to the finish. The play ranged from spectacular volleying at the net to 'cross-court drives and placing far down the side lines from the back court; and during all that time, though often passed, Whitman played the game as deliberately as though he were at chess, and with masterful direction as to its finality. He did not equal his opponent in speed, but he was more accurate and quite as resourceful.

It will take very high-class tennis to put Ware out at Newport, if he holds to the form he showed at Southampton. Not even Larned at his best could count safely on victory over him; indeed, I think the result would be extremely uncertain, with chances a trifle favoring Ware. Whitman and Ware made a brilliant team at Southampton, and should, in fact, be paired off for the National doubles, but for the latter already holding the title with Sheldon, who has yet to make his '99 appearance.

With full representation of the Middle West promised for Newport, it is too bad there cannot also be an entry or two from the Pacific coast, where the repeated successes of the Hardy brothers (Samuel and Sumner) and of George F. Whitney suggest notable superiority in that section of the country. Whitney, through recent defeats of both the Hardys, is the present coast champion.

The National entries, which have been published since the first page of this Department went to press, determine the non-appearance of the Englishmen or R. D. Wrenn or Carr Neel at Newport this year. All the present active players are entered, however, and though the number is smaller than usual, the play will be correspondingly more interesting from first to last.

FLUKY weather prevailed during the majority of the squadron runs from port to port, so the cruise of the New York Yacht Club, which had covered its course at Newport on Saturday, was therefore unsatisfactory in so far as furnishing fair racing conditions.

In five days of sailing there were three in which good luck in finding the intermittent and puffy or narrow and light slants of air was the deciding factor in the racing. But on the other hand, two of the five days yielded the finest and fairest type of sailing breezes, and one of these provided a soul-stirring race for thirty-seven miles between *Columbia* and *Defender*, which the former won by 1 min. 14 sec. elapsed time. The other only fair race *Columbia* won by 4 min. 1 sec. over a thirty-mile course.

As between these two, the cruise has corroborated the lessons of their previous exhibitions, without disclosing any advantage in the new over the old *America's* Cup defender that has not been recorded and commented upon. The harder the wind blows and the rougher the sea, the closer the boats approach a common standard of excellence. As the air flattens and the sea loses its jump, *Columbia* obviously moves with the greater ease, speeding along ghostlike, as though drawn by an imperceptible power.

And this is not to say she is lacking pace in heavier weather, but rather to emphasize her marvellous speed under conditions that check the headway of even so remarkable a performer as *Defender*. In a strong breeze and a roughish sea there is no occasion to criticise *Columbia;* she does not stand up so stiffly as *Defender*, but she proved thoroughly dependable in the strong blow on the run to Vineyard Haven, and no doubt, when her lighter steel mast has replaced the present Oregon pine stick, and and her gear is a bit more seasoned, she will be quite able to take all the weather that comes her way.

Columbia, to be sure, was favored a great deal on that Vineyard Haven run last week, but no skipper of judgment would do otherwise with a boat so recently out of her builder's hands. When she gets her steel mast, she will not appear so tender as now, nor, when the occasion comes in October for driving her, will there be found the need of easing her up.

Defender's performance throughout the cruise, when not practically becalmed, was a continuation of the handsome sailing she has been doing all this season, and her handling was equally high class. The year has demonstrated beyond question that defence of the *America's* Cup against *Valkyrie III.* by no means served to reveal *Defender's* true speed. Few yachtsmen who have carefully noted her work against *Columbia* would experience any uneasiness were *Defender* going to meet the '99 challenger *Shamrock*.

Actually how much faster *Columbia* is than *Defender* under fair all-round sailing conditions still remains somewhat a matter for speculation. Up to the present writing (August 13) she has proved, on the average, to be about three and a half minutes faster, elapsed time, on thirty miles of sailing. It is my judgment, however, that when her hollow steel mast has been restepped and her head given her she will prove to be from four to five minutes faster than *Defender* on corrected time. There is no mistaking the speed of a boat that points so high as *Columbia* and will run seven miles in thirty-five minutes before a breeze not especially stiff.

If any reliance is to be placed on what comes to me from sources usually well informed, *Columbia* will give *Shamrock* as much of a beating as *Defender* administered to *Valkyrie III.*

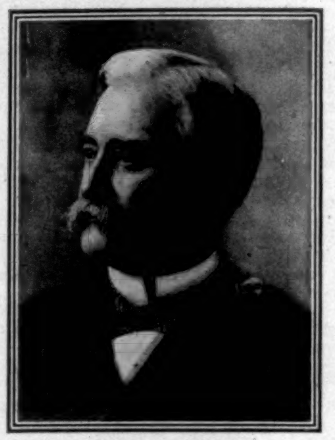
AMONG the schooners of the fleet, *Latona*, as the latest addition, aroused interest in her work under cruiser trim, for which she is intended rather than for racing. On the whole she acquitted herself creditably, though in actual racing beaten by *Amorita* and *Quissetta*, the greyhounds of this class. These and *Colonia*, which remains unbeaten, will make a great race for the Astor cup. As will also those sterling single-stickers *Vigilant*, *Navahoe*, and *Queen Mab*, all sailing up to their best.

YACHTING theorists who are discussing the recent refusal of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club Regatta Committee to allow the protest of Mr. Post, owner of *Constance*, would better, before venturing upon positive opinion, familiarize themselves with the Deed of Gift covering competition for the Seawanhaka international half-rater trophy. This deed stipulates a course with sufficient depth of water as a *sine qua non* to a racing decision. Hence Mr. Post was absolutely right, and the Regatta Committee utterly wrong. The committee, indeed, had no alternative in the matter; it was their business to follow the provisions in the Deed of Gift. They did not do so; they were clearly without their province. Another and decisive race should certainly be agreed upon by the two clubs.

Polo review and L. A. W. racing control next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—BY JAMES DWIGHT, M.D.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, PRICE $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS



JOHN WALTER SMITH,
Democratic Candidate for Governor of Maryland.

New Types of Automobile Carriages

WHILE France has hitherto taken the lead in the theoretical development of the motor-carriage, there is still a wide field left to the American engineer in the direction of practical utility. The French inventor is essentially the laboratory theorist. Having succeeded in establishing a working hypothesis, he is satisfied to leave its practical application to some one else, and forthwith proceeds to take up some new feature of the problem. On the other hand, his American confrère is, first of all, the mechanic. To satisfy him, the machine must not only go, but go well. The electric vehicle is a concrete illustration of this difference in the point of view between French and American mechanical engineers. The theory of the storage-battery system has been thoroughly exploited by the French inventors, but it is the American mechanic who builds the successful electric carriage. The company that manufactures the Columbia electric automobile is shipping vehicles to Paris as fast as they can be turned out.

Roughly speaking, automobiles may be divided into two great classes — machines that generate their power as it is needed, and vehicles that carry reservoirs of propulsive energy. In the first category are the steam-wagons and the gasoline and alcohol motor carriages; in the second group are the vehicles propelled by stored electricity and by compressed air and carbonic acid gas. It is evident that carriages of this second class have a comparatively restricted radius; they can never get very far away from a charging-plug or central station. Their power must be prepared for them, and this implies a sacrifice of independent action. The gasoline-carriage can go anywhere, for its fuel can be procured at almost every way-side grocery; the electric carriage is wound up like a clock, to run a certain fixed distance. If it gets too far away from its source of supplies, it becomes as helpless as an army that has been cut off from its provision-trains.

There are other disadvantages connected with the storage-battery system that are patent to every observer — for example, the enormous weight of the vehicle when fully equipped. The ordinary electric cab weighs 3750 pounds, and the park phaeton shown in the illustration scales something over a ton. Of course it is the enormous weight of the battery cells with their lead plates that accounts for these high figures. Roughly speaking, about one-half the total weight of the vehicle is chargeable to battery equipment.

The first cost of the electric vehicle is high, and the expense of running it is appreciably greater than is the case with a steam or gasoline motor. Manufacturers' estimates are apt to vary widely, but the cost of charging for private individuals may be anywhere between one and a half and two and a half cents per mile. Add to this the constant depreciation of the batteries, and there is a marked difference in favor of the gasoline motor. But, for all that, electricity is cheaper than horseflesh, and it is possible to reduce running expenses to a satisfactory minimum by establishing a private charging-plant.

The electric carriage is practically noiseless, and its mechanism cannot generate either heat or odor. The motor being a rotary one, the vibration is reduced to a minimum. The efficiency of the battery is virtually constant, and its large reserve power is always ready for use. Electrical energy can be controlled to a nicety, and it is absolutely safe in operation. The operator may have little or no knowledge of either mechanics or electricity and yet be perfectly competent to handle his machine under ordinary conditions. For city use—from pleasure-riding in the Park to heavy trucking—the storage-battery system is almost ideal.

A ride in an electric cab has ceased to be a novelty, but the amateur conducting of an automobile possesses exhaustless possibilities. In Paris and in Newport it has been advanced to the dignity of a sport, and such indeed it is. It is true that the pressing of a button and the touching of a lever are mechanical operations, but this is only the beginning. With the first turn of the wheels, driving an automobile becomes a game between the man and the machine, complicated, it may be, by the presence of other men and other machines. The manufacturers endeavor, by means of interlocking systems and similar devices, to make their machines "fool-proof"; but in the end the personal equation must still be reckoned with; and that of the machine is equally in evidence with that of the man.

The park phaeton weighs, complete, 2100 pounds, of which the batteries make up 900 —a heavy load, and yet the carefully adjusted running-gear carries it with almost perfect smoothness. Equalizing springs and pneumatic tires make even cobblestones and car tracks tolerable.

The battery equipment is carried in the wagon body, and is completely hidden from view. The rubber cells are carefully sealed to guard against leakage and spilling, and only require the attention of a little water once a month to keep them in good order. The charging is done by the simple insertion of a plug connected with the direct current of the Edison Company, and it is not even necessary for the owner to know the difference between the positive and negative poles of his battery. He has only to make the connection, and the batteries take what current they want, and then cut themselves off automatically. The time required for a full charge is from two to three hours. With its present equipment this carriage will run about thirty miles, but with the improved battery that is to be put in, it will have a range of fifty miles. And it has climbed a grade of twenty-eight per cent., an extraordinary achievement for an electric vehicle.

The motor is a single one, and is placed on the back axle. It is entirely boxed in, and indeed all the running parts are protected, so that the carriage may be washed down with a hose in the ordinary way.

The controlling lever is at the operator's right hand. It has four speed notches, ranging from three to thirty miles an hour, according to the different combinations of the battery cells, and of course the high-speed notches must be resorted to for hill-climbing. The same lever is used for reversing, but to prevent a mistake on the part of the operator, he must first press down a button at the top of the handle before the lever can be thrown back. Again, if the driver puts on brakes before cutting off the current, the circuit is broken automatically, and can only be restored by returning the controller handle to the "stop" position.

The steering lever is managed by the left hand, and is so delicately adjusted as to yield to the pressure of a single finger. If the wheels fall into a rut, or meet with an obstruction such as a Belgian paving-block, there is no tendency to twist the lever out of the steersman's hand. The slightest pressure is sufficient to overcome the accidental deflection. In the grip of the steering lever is set a push-button that operates an electric gong.

Under the driver's foot is a powerful brake that works upon a band-wheel keyed on the rear axle. This is sufficient for ordinary use, and in an emergency a lever on the left throws in a shoe that brakes upon the tires, and is capable of stopping the carriage within its own length. The whole system of control is beautifully simple and founded upon natural principles. Moving the steering lever to the right or left gives a corresponding change in the direction of the carriage. Pushing the controlling lever forward increases the speed, and one draws it back to slower speeds and to "stop" just as naturally as the horseman pulls in on the reins. Under the cushion of the seat is a lock-switch controlled by a key. The removal of this key disconnects the batteries, and the wagon can neither run away by itself nor can it be taken possession of by thieves. There are also electric carriage-lamps.

Within a short time a number of central charging-stations are to be established throughout the city, and it is proposed to place plugs at convenient stopping-places, such as Claremont. When this is done the field of the electric carriage will be greatly enlarged, and its usefulness correspondingly increased. It is quite possible, too, that in the urban dwelling-houses of the twentieth century provision will be made for stabling one or more vehicles upon the premises.

Van Tassel Sutphen.

The President at Lake Champlain

THE President is leading a wholesome and agreeable life at the Hotel Champlain on Bluff Point. The hotel is very big, but, big as it is, it is full of guests, some of whom are undoubtedly led to this charming part of the country by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. McKinley are spending their vacation here. Leading object of interest as Mr. McKinley is, he must divide his importance with his invalid wife, for a good many people, especially the sympathetic women, are much more concerned to hear news of her well-being than to see the President.

Most of the day the President is within-doors, for he has a good deal of business to transact, notwithstanding the fact that he is supposed to be on his vacation. Two or three days after he reached the hotel the country seemed to find out where he was, and to deluge him with letters and telegrams. Consequently he has a good deal of work to do, but not so much that he does not find abundance of leisure to devote to Mrs. McKinley, who is daily growing stronger and better, not only because of the sedulous care of Dr. Rixey, who has come here to look after his patient, but also because of the splendid Northern air, which is beneficial to both the President and his wife.

The grounds about the hotel, some four hundred acres in extent, offer most enticing attractions to the pedestrian, and for riding or driving. Mr. McKinley takes his constitutional every morning at about ten o'clock. The walk in which the President indulges is not a long one, but it is all up hill and down, and all his walking muscles get into action in the course of it. There are paths strewn with brown pine needles under the dense shade of the trees, through which one catches exquisite glimpses of the beautiful lake; and there are broad grass-covered roadways, like the *tapis verts* of St. Cloud and Versailles, which swing in circles through the forest. In one of these charming roadways the photographer has twice caught the President. When the President has finished his daily walk, he drives Mrs. McKinley out, either through the grounds or over the roads near the place which lead to objects of interest. The drive is repeated in the afternoon.

One of the pleasant features of the President's vacation is that he is free from rudeness and obtrusive attention. The people about him are dignified and considerate of him.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR BABIES

Must be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free.—[*Adv.*]

Make home a place of pleasure. Keep therein your greatest treasure—Cook's Imperial Champagne, Extra Dry. It is superior.—[*Adv.*]

There's the magic of rest and health in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At grocers' and druggists'. —[*Adv.*]

Mothers give Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to children for looseness of bowels.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
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CLEANSES THE SYSTEM
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Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On account of the Thirty-third Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Philadelphia on September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Philadelphia at rates of single fare for the round trip, except that the fare from New York and Baltimore will be $3; from Newark, N. J., $2.85; from Elizabeth, N. J., $2.75, and proportionate rates from intermediate points.

Tickets will be sold on September 2, 3, 4, and 5, good to return until September 12, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Philadelphia on September 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, and the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be extended to September 30, inclusive.

Side Trips.

Tickets for side trips to Washington, Old Point Comfort, Gettysburg, Antietam, and Virginia battle-fields will also be sold at greatly reduced rates.

BOKER'S BITTERS
Quickly cure stomach troubles brought on by heat and overwork.

THE CELEBRATED
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PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist.
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CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R
THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

President McKinley and His Views

I HAVE had an interesting talk with the President, and I shall set down, without comment or suggestion of opinion, and I trust in perfect fairness, my impressions of him, and of his opinions and purposes concerning the things political which are most interesting to the country. It may be that, in a measure, I shall anticipate his next annual message to Congress, but four months will elapse between now and the time when he must send that document to the legislative branch of the government, and many events may happen which will make the message that would be written to-day entirely different from that which will be written then. It must be borne in mind by the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY that I am not speaking for the President. He has not authorized me to say anything. I am not quoting him. I am simply telling my knowledge and impressions of him and his opinions. The value that they have depends upon the fact that they have been obtained at first hand. They are not filtered through a cabinet officer, or even through a private secretary.

In the first place, let us consider Mr. McKinley. He has been talked about a good deal, but he has been carefully considered very little; not enough, perhaps, by those who oppose his views, and who would be better prepared for their conflict with him if they would reflect that he is a typical American from a typical American community. I am stating a fact, not intending a eulogy, leaving to the wayfarer to say whether or not he likes these types. It is often said that Mr. McKinley holds his "ear to the ground," and is governed by the voices which he thinks he hears. This does not mean much, and it does not accurately denote the President.

OPPORTUNIST AND OPTIMIST

Mr. McKinley is an opportunist, and he is an optimist. He wants to govern the country in the way the majority want it governed, and he generally believes that the majority is not only right, but has a right to its own way. This often makes him an opportunist. He is an optimist also, and believes that the institutions of the United States are the best that human wisdom has ever framed. He is one of a large number of his fellow-countrymen who are thoroughly convinced that American rule brings happiness and prosperity to all who have the privilege of enjoying it. He also believes that material prosperity is the outward sign of an inward happiness and of sound politics, and he is inclined to push American prosperity to the farthest possible bounds, endeavoring to extend it abroad and to increase it at home. He believes that the greater the prosperity, the wider the opportunities and the richer the blessings to the masses. Mr. McKinley does not consult public opinion for the purpose of absolutely guiding his conduct by what he hears. He wants to know what the country desires, but he could not change his nature to satisfy any voices that might come to him, and he is too wise to try. They might modify his policy; they would not revolutionize it. I have known him for quite twenty years, and during most of that time he has firmly believed in what is often called "Americanism," which, being interpreted, means American self-assertiveness—now expressed by a tariff based on the theory that America is self-sufficient, while again it is "expansion" or "imperialism," which insists that the country is capable of performing any task that it may assume, or that it may suppose its duty to have thrust upon it. It seems to me that his opponents are guilty of a great blunder in assuming that the President takes his policy wholly from the voices which come to him. If he did that, he would be oftener in a panic than has been the case, if ever, since the war with Spain broke out.

THE PRESIDENT HAS A POLICY

Mr. McKinley has a policy, and he does his best to impress it upon the leaders of his party and upon Congress. That is the main point; and the only thing really worthy of consideration in ranging ourselves on one side or the other of the prevailing issues is the merit of the issues. He who assumes in this country that the politician's policy alone governs his opponent is likely to live in a fool's paradise, until he is rudely awakened by the returns on election day. No man can win out in the game of politics whose course is dictated wholly or mainly by considerations of personal or party gain. He must favor those things which the majority of his fellow-countrymen regard as best for them. Now it happens that Mr. McKinley is so constituted by nature, and by that environment of the Middle West, which is the nursery of optimists, that he is in favor of any policy, any course of action, that, in his opinion, will make America bigger, better, and richer. He believes that protective tariffs have increased the wealth of the country, and that the territory which in his opinion has come to us by the fortunes of war will be profitable to us in the uses of peace. You may call it exuberance, or fatalism, or riotous imagination, or fantasy, what you will, the mental characteristic of Mr. McKinley is confidence in his intuitions, and a firm faith that whatever America does deliberately is likely to be right; and there are so many Americans like him, especially in that part of the country whence he comes, that I have called him a typical American, and his community a typical American community.

There is, of course, something to be said concerning the ethical value of the national commercial spirit, and of its tendencies, but the spirit is widespread, and I have not the space in this article to go into a question which is essentially philosophical. I must content myself with explaining Mr. McKinley and his views, and in doing so point out his profound faith in the country, in its capacity to be a world power, and in its fate to remain wherever its power and its flag have been placed as the result of the war.

Feeling the certainty that I do as to Mr. McKinley's mental characteristics, and the trend of his sentiments and his sympathies, I am sure of the conclusions that I have drawn as to his opinions on the subjects which are of most importance to the country.

HE WOULD KEEP THE PHILIPPINES

The Philippines naturally present themselves first. The President is convinced that only a part of the Philippines people are in revolt; in fact, that the Tagals alone are doing the fighting. He intends to put down this insurrection, and to put it down speedily, and with much convincing energy—in time, I fancy, to permit Senator Burrows to vote for him for President next year. This much has been hinted at and openly said in the news of the day, but I repeat it because the President expressed his confidence with so much vigor that I am inclined to believe that he is well assured that the wretched war is near its end. The war over, the question naturally is as to the future, and our own future relations with the islands, our attitude towards them, and the character of our control over them. Coupling what the President said to me with his characteristics, which I have briefly set forth, I conclude—a safe conclusion, I think—that the President believes that we shall keep the islands, Congress, of course, being the determining factor. This, to him, is the inevitable outcome of the situation. He does not conceive it possible that we should go away, and I do not believe that he wants us to go away. He thinks that we should be thereby not only abandoning our responsibilities, but that our action would be a confession of weakness, which would make us an object of derision among Europeans, and would assure the Oriental peoples that we are a nation quite unworthy of their serious consideration. And it is doubtless a desire of the administration to increase our commerce in the East. The Philippines, so far as mere commerce is concerned, are not the great figure in the Pacific at which the President and his advisers are looking. The trade of China is an object for which American statesmanship is to struggle. Such a dream as this appeals very strongly to the typical Republican mind, notwithstanding its apparent antagonism to the logic of protection, and appeals to no one more than to the President. Imaginations are fired by the conception of the United States as a strong factor in Asia. These considerations lead me to say that the President believes that we shall retain the Philippines, keeping troops along the sea-coast of the larger islands, and not retaining any single body of troops there, regiment or battalion, longer than a twelvemonth. The President doubtless believes that retention of the Philippines will make for the best interests of the natives and for the welfare of American commerce; and that what makes for these will make for the political health of the nation. In this belief he thinks he is seconded by the majority of the people; and although he will probably say nothing in his next message concerning the future of the islands, and will content himself with recommendations looking to the speedy crushing of Aguinaldo, I have not the slightest doubt that he would willingly go to the people on this issue, provided it could be put in the manner in which it presents itself to him.

SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR CUBANS

As to Cuba. This is the subject second in interest. The President recognizes the necessity of beginning very soon to give to the Cubans the government of their own island. There is no intention, however, of making a sudden change, of calling a constitutional convention for the purpose of arranging at once a general scheme of government for the island. The movement will probably begin in cities like Santiago and Matanzas, where municipal governments, resting upon the suffrage of the citizens, will be established. These self-governing localities will be increased as the experiment justifies itself, until all the cities are included. A census is now being taken as a preliminary step to giving the islanders a government. Side by side with this process of establishing municipal self-government, an experiment in public schools will be made. General Wood has a plan of his own for the beginning of a free-school system, which he is soon to put into operation in Santiago. After the local governments have been established and sufficiently tried, there will be an enlargement or extension of the political functions of the Cubans. Perhaps they will be charged with the task of establishing governments for the provinces, and at last for the island. Perhaps the experiments in municipal administration will justify the government in turning over the whole island to its people without the preliminary intervention of provincial rule. At any rate the idea is that the new government shall develop from the bottom to the top, and shall not be turned out ready-made by a constitutional convention. It is the confident belief of the administration that Congress is solely responsible for the government of all our new possessions, that they come within the purview of the constitutional provision which gives to Congress alone the right to make all rules and regulations for the government of the territories of the United States, so that we are likely to have a renewal of the discussion as to whether Congress in doing so is bound by all the limitations of the Constitution.

The establishment of a government for Puerto Rico presents another problem. The people of the island have already local self-government as far as practicable, but no plan is likely to be reached until General Davis, in whom the President justly reposes great confidence, makes his report. He will do this after careful observation and study of the people and conditions in Puerto Rico.

SLIGHT TARIFF AND CURRENCY CHANGES

I have left small space for an interpretation of the President's views on domestic questions. Briefly, he expects, of course, that no change will be made in the principle of our tariff policy, but there is no doubt that he believes that high-water mark in duties has been reached, and that changes will be in the other direction, although they will be slight, and will be made only when the advocates of protection themselves regard them as helpful. The internal-revenue taxes are doubtless here for good. They may be slightly modified, but the taxes are necessary, because revenue from the tariff, high as it has become, will not support the government. The tariff itself now makes the internal tax necessary. Its adoption was becoming urgent before the war, but the war enabled Congress to do what no party would have taken the responsibility of doing under ordinary conditions.

In conclusion, the President expects that Congress will pass a bill making the maintenance of the gold standard more certain, although nothing is likely to be done for the reform or change of our banking system. The President believes that the present national bank system is an established institution, and therefore that Congress cannot be prevailed upon to change it radically. H. L. N.

HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, *August 5.*

The Northfield Fact

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, *August, 1899.*

THE facts touching the present conference are not hard to get at, for they have been made exceptionally prominent in some of the great daily papers this year; *the fact*, however, although it may have been vaguely intimated, has not yet, I think, been stated in plain words, nor has the general public begun to realize its full importance. We may read that the first conference was held in 1880, and that about three hundred persons were then drawn together in this little village in the Connecticut Valley in response to Mr. Moody's original "call"; that the meetings have been annual since that time, with the exception of the years of Mr. Moody's foreign campaigns; that from the beginning the leader's efforts have been seconded by some of the ablest speakers, preachers, teachers; that in 1886 the first of the annual conventions of college representatives of the International Y. M. C. A. was held at neighboring Mount Hermon; that in 1893 the young women's conferences were inaugurated, and that during the present summer the interest has seemed to be rather wonderfully deepened. These facts, and such as these, may be picked up, one at a time, scattered through the accounts which have been published. Even at a distance one might gain the information that at the present time two thousand pilgrims from all parts of the country are met here to form audiences for Mr. Morgan and Mr. Meyer; that there were over six hundred attendants at the young men's conference this year; that the young women's conference had four hundred and sixty delegates from forty colleges and twenty-seven city associations, and that fifty-four of the sixty-five Presbyterian pastors of New York are now here. Such are the facts; and when we bring them together in this way, they are certainly very suggestive.

But *the fact*, the one underlying force which has all of these various manifestations, is not suggestive at all; but it is final, convincing, and vital. This can be most clearly shown if we consider the experience of a person who arrives in Northfield—coming, let us say, towards the end of the first week in the present month.

Not any real person, however, because it would hardly be fair, for example, to say, "Such and such experiences I have had, and therefore the case is so and so." No; I must take pains to avoid generalizing from my own unimportant experiences, while I ask the reader's attention to those of a typical visitor.

His mind filled with questions of the day, which, according to his habit of thought, are the great questions—the news and comment of the morning papers on matters of national policy, party politics, the markets—our typical pilgrim is set down a little before noon in South Vernon, a station as near as possible to the western line of New Hampshire and the northern line of Massachusetts, though it is actually in Vermont. A stage carries him from this point southward across the Massachusetts line to his destination. There is a full half-hour during which his eyes gradually become used to the new scene—to a river bending like the white arm of the daughter of giants in the Edda, to the outlines of wooded hills, rich meadows, and cultivated fields. He sees no one on the road, no one in the houses near the road-side, no one in the tents pitched in the groves and open spaces of the seminary grounds. When the stage draws up before "Stone Hall," one of the large buildings in a parklike section on the eastern slope of the valley, he goes into the office to secure a room, and learns that even the room-clerk has gone to the meeting in the Auditorium. As all the world has taken that direction, he naturally makes his way to the same place. There are the people from tents and cottages and farm-houses and school dormitories and hotels—all together, and all in the power of a speaker who has few peers among living orators.

It is an extraordinary audience, professionally discriminating, note-taking, applauding or laughing when occasions present themselves, questioning the speaker, and directly appealed to by him to answer plainly "Yes" or "No" to his plain questions. And it is a delightfully musical audience, singing superbly; now the choir leading from their tiers of seats behind the platform, now the quartet, now the precentors, now a chorus of two thousand voices. But what our pilgrim notices especially is the high intelligence of these people. There is an agreeable sense also of good feeling and good breeding; the new-comer is aware that a welcome is extended to him, and a recognition of his companionship, before he has shown his credentials.

And the preacher? Mr. Morgan is in the midst of his sermon; his text is "The Will of God." The man who is hearing him for the first time notices particularly the strongly marked profile, the thin and pale face, the tall figure, whose slightness is emphasized by a short grayish jacket; catches a few words which make an appeal to his interest; then finds himself edging along behind the last row of seats, until, little by little, he has gained a position directly in front of this orator. ". . . . A great voice of people is heard in heaven, saying, 'Amen, alleluia!'—these are the words of the preacher—"His will be done: His name be praised. 'Amen, alleluia!' We shall all say it some day. Let us say it now." The audience replies, "Amen, alleluia!" and very quickly the speaker puts the questions to the clergymen and men of affairs seated before him: "Suppose the Lord calls you to give up your fine pulpit and go to Africa. Can you say 'Amen' then? Or suppose there is a branch of your business which is not according to His will, and you are called to give it up. Will you say 'Amen' then?" (A long pause, followed by the declaration, sudden and impulsive: "Yes, Christian brothers, you will; but will you say 'Amen, *alleluia*'?" (Laughter.) The speaker's gesticulation is marvellous. If he refers to a message by cable, his forefinger shows how that message flashed across the ocean. And his argument grows and expands until the man who stands facing him discovers that all questions—the very questions which an hour before had seemed insoluble—are being brought into this court and subjected to the same ultimate test, "The will of God." If there are any doubts in the preacher's mind, there is at least no uncertainty in his language. He speaks with absolute conviction and assurance of the right.

Our visitor, who has brought letters of introduction,

sees that he need not present them. People speak to him, and expect him to use the same freedom. He goes to see Mr. Moody, as the leader of the whole movement, and as every one's host, to pay his respects; tells him that he has read the invitation issued to all who are interested in certain things, and that he has come in response to that public letter. Naturally they speak of the growth of the young men's and young women's conferences, and Mr. Moody says, in reply to a question: "Oh yes, I care especially for the young people. I am after them all the time." His schools, the camp, the sunset meetings on Round Top Hill, Mr. Morgan's sermons, and the plans identified with Mr. Meyer (then on his way to Northfield), the need of revivals, and the outlook in this direction—such are the topics that the evangelist discusses; and he plies the visitor with questions, evincing eager curiosity touching all those matters as to which he fancies his guest is well informed, forgetting or voluntarily postponing another engagement in the interest of this new contact. A cordial invitation is given and gladly accepted to meet a little company of friends that evening.

At nine o'clock, then, a dozen friends, with the members of the family, are seated around a table; refreshments are served, and as the best means of drawing all together, the host promptly starts a discussion. A point is raised in regard to the sermon of the evening; from this the talk drifts to the plot of a new novel; then to Sunday newspapers (with the consideration of plans which may lead to an organized effort for their suppression); then to the death of Colonel Ingersoll; then to the free strength there is in a religious movement which seeks and teaches the truth in its simplest form, and is not hampered by ritual. Of course good stories are told, and even the tireless preacher who has delivered three addresses in the course of the day is called upon for a recitation; in the main, however, the conversation has a single tendency, a tendency which it is impossible to miss; nobody for a moment loses sight of the campaign.

And no one gives evidence of a moment's doubt as to the course which should be pursued. The words which came into our pilgrim's mind when he was listening to Mr. Morgan may well recur to him, for here again, and at headquarters, is absolute assurance of the right.

MARRION WILCOX.

William Waldorf Astor

It is exceedingly common for natives of Europe to come to the United States to live, and after continuing here long enough, to renounce the allegiance to which they were born and become naturalized as citizens of this country. Poor men do it by the thousand every year. Many well-to-do men have done it too. It excites no particular remark. It seems reasonable enough that men should come here to better their fortune in a country that is comparatively new, or because they prefer a republic to a monarchy. So, if citizens of the United States go, for purposes of gain or for any lawful purpose, to foreign lands, and find it convenient in due time to become citizens of the country they live in, no particular grudge is harbored against them by other Americans. The thing is not often done, but when it is done we don't greatly mind it. The reason Mr. William Waldorf Astor's case has made such a stir is, of course, that he is by birth and inheritance a representative of one of the best known families in America and the possessor of enormous wealth, chiefly in real estate in New York. The feeling is that if there is anything in the country that is worth having, William Astor should have been able to get his share of it. He ought, we think, to have cared enough for the country which holds the bones of all the Astors whose bones were of any importance, to hold at least to its citizenship, even though he lived abroad. What ails the country that it is not good enough for William Astor? Nothing fatal. The country has its faults, but it is good enough for Mr. Astor, and he ought to be living in it and bringing his children up to be Americans. Then he is a foolish man and a snob, who despises the republic in which his family has been so prodigiously prospered, and loves titles and the men who bear them, and hopes perhaps to have one himself! Is that true? Probably not. It seems nearer the truth to say that Mr. Astor went to England to live because he was so unfortunate as not to be able to be happy at home, and that his inability to have his share of fun here was due partly to his idiosyncrasies of mind and temperament, but largely to mistakes in his early training.

He was born in 1848, the son of John Jacob Astor, a good man, charitable, upright, and patriotic, and very greatly esteemed by most persons who knew him. William Astor, in a recent schedule of complaints against the country that bore him, has said that his father was slandered and maligned. No doubt he was. There were newspapers in New York in the forties and fifties which thrived on slander and abuse. No doubt they paid attention to Mr. Astor; but what of that? He was known and respected in the community as a good man and a good citizen. The youthful William Waldorf was brought up with care, indeed, but in comparative seclusion. He went to a private school in New York, where there were other boys, but though he knew those boys and shared their studies, he seldom shared their sports. It is told of him that after school he used to take his books and go home, and when he got home he apparently studied them; for in his lessons at school he did very well, and was one of the best scholars. Then, doubtless because he was too precious for his parents to spare him, he was not sent to college, but was educated by tutors or somehow, and presumably went through the Columbia Law School, where doubtless he learned some law, but not much of human nature. So far as appears, he never in his young days got out of the Astor atmosphere, never was allowed from under the paternal wing or to explore the world on his own account. That seems to have been his great misfortune, and one chief reason for the trouble that has since overtaken him. He was raised too much in a bandbox, poor man; and when he came to man's estate he did not understand his fellow-men or the country he lived in.

He took to politics as a Republican, and became identified presently with the Conkling-Arthur faction—the "Stalwarts." Money had its uses in New York politics at that time, and in 1877 William Astor went to Albany as a member of the Assembly. Two years later he was elected to the State Senate. He was not a leader of men, either by nature or education, and made no remarkable figure in the State Legislature, though he did his work faithfully, and served on important committees, both in the Assembly and the Senate. Then he ran for Congress, first against Judge Dugro and later against Roswell P. Flower. He was defeated both times, Judge Dugro beating him by only 173 votes. His campaign (1881) against Flower was a famous one. His heart was in it. He did his best, and did not spare money. But it was the fight of the canary against the robin. Both the candidates were rich men; but one was a man of the people, big-hearted, easy-mannered, used from his childhood to deal with men, ready of speech, and in fellowship with his voters. The other was a man born an Astor, reserved by nature, and raised in a bandbox. Of course Flower won, and Astor—poor gentleman, it was scandalous how he was beset and ridiculed by the Democratic press! He was greatly disappointed and chagrined. He had twice offered to serve his fellows in Congress, and they would not have him. Consider how it must have stung a man of his temper and training!

In 1882 President Arthur appointed him Minister to Italy, and he served three years with credit. He knew Italian, and he kept a good and hospitable house in Rome, and it is doubtful if we were ever better represented there. The novel *Valentino*, which he published in 1885, has to do with Italian society and history.

Since the fall of 1890 Mr. Astor has lived in England. He bought from the Duke of Westminster the great estate of Cliveden, on the Thames, near Windsor, and he has a town house in London. He started the *Pall Mall Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Budget*, and bought the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and he has interested himself in their management. He discontinued the *Budget* some years ago, but with the others he is still concerned, and often writes for them.

The chief reason he is understood to have given for preferring to live in England and cast in his lot with that country is that there are many richer and more notable persons there than himself, and his children would have better and more wholesome atmosphere to grow up in than he himself ever had in New York. The impression one gets from this report—that what he has chiefly sought in England is a reasonable degree of healthy obscurity—is somewhat impaired by his recent publication, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, of a new and highly edifying Astor pedigree, which represents the family to be descended from one Pedro d'Astorga, of Castile, crusader, who was killed at Jerusalem in 1100. This pedigree seems not to have inspired respect among genealogists, and one of them, Mr. Lathrop Wittington, said to be an expert of high authority, has been at pains to investigate it, with the result that he reports the connection between the d'Astorgas and the Astor is not demonstrated and is highly improbable.

Mr. Astor took oath of allegiance to the Queen on July 11. He has been earnestly reviled for becoming an Englishman. He has been called a traitor and compared with Benedict Arnold, and some idle and foolish persons actually burned him in effigy in a New York square. All that is most absurd. He has done nothing that is dishonorable or in any way wrong. But his lot itself was tolerable enough, and he could have lived happily and honorably in his own country if he had been a bigger man or better taught. His case is merely a sad one. A man born an American, and of American ancestry, who does not love his country and will not stick to her is an unfortunate creature. However rich he is, whatever luxuries or opportunities or social triumphs he may command, we should be sorry for him, just as we are sorry for a child that does not love its mother.

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The Dreyfus Case. *By M. de Blowitz*

AN INSIDE GLANCE

At six o'clock in the morning, on the 1st of July last, Alfred Dreyfus, having once more become Captain Dreyfus, entered the prison of Rennes. He had not uttered a word, but then and there, in measured tones, speaking under his breath, he responded as briefly as possible to the formal inquiries of the jailer.

He was told that he was about to receive the visit of his wife.

Dreyfus asked for a few trifling objects, and removed as carefully as possible the traces of the voyage.

His toilet completed, he inspected curiously his cell and sought to give it an aspect of neatness and of order.

A few moments later steps were heard without, the key turned in the lock, and a woman, with an officer behind her, appeared on the sill, her face veiled.

Dreyfus, seated near the table, slowly raised his head. He tried vaguely to rise, but both the prisoner and his wife for a long minute remained as if nailed to their places. Suddenly the wife lifted her veil, breaking the spell; and Dreyfus, making an energetic effort, rose. A long sobbing cry resounded in the prison. The officers who had been obliged to be present at this scene looked away. For a long time, for many moments, the pair remained silent; then Dreyfus spoke.

"You see," said he, "I was right not to despair; right to have confidence in my chiefs; right never to tire in my supplications to them to continue their investigations."

"Whom do you mean?" asked the wife.

"Why, General Mercier and General de Boisdeffre!" said he; "for it is to them that I owe revision."

He spoke slowly and hesitatingly. He seemed to reflect before speaking, and he listened with a sort of strange curiosity to the voice of his wife—the first woman's voice which had fallen on his ear in years.

The surprise which Madame Dreyfus experienced at these words rendered her for a moment silent.

"Listen," she finally said. "What you say is utterly, painfully the opposite of the truth. But I prefer not to tell you anything myself about these matters. I might put you on a false scent. Your lawyers will place you on the right path, and you will see things as they really are."

Dreyfus did not insist. Moreover, he was still almost as one who has been stunned. He had to recover his senses, try to realize, if possible, that at last he was surrounded by devoted friends, and that no longer were the persons whom he saw about him guardians, detectives, or busybodies come to spy upon him.

He received his counsel, MM. Démange and Labori. The preliminary interviews were painful. He blended inextricably fancy and fact. He lent a docile ear, he read between the acts, but for a long time the whole thing assumed in his solitary brain a confused, unintelligible aspect. His lawyers had left him, however, the volumes of the *Enquiry*, a few samples, as it were, of the immense collection which forms the library of the documents of his case. Then they returned to see the result.

Four days after his arrival he said to his wife:

"Yes, I have been in a dark night. I am beginning to see. My brain thinks again, and once more apprehends clearly. I was at the start a scapegoat. Now I am a pretext. My personality exists no longer, for those who are pursuing me. They don't want me to escape, because I am an instrument which they are using to win and to obtain office and power, and they won't let me go until they shall have found another pretext, another means. They have always used the soldiers, and they hope again to make them their accomplices. But I am ashamed to think that in this French army, which, *quand même*, has remained the most glorious of all, there are so many miserable beings."

Evidently, after these few rapid days of study, pursued with that feverish tension which was the inevitable consequence of the strange curiosity to comprehend the mystery of his own destiny, after having taken cognizance of the long and involved story of the terrible battles waged over his person, he had at last seized the drift of the battle, understood the hypocritically dissimulated motives actuating those who wished to find him at all costs guilty, and who desired above all his condemnation, not as being the triumph of justice, but merely of their political policy. Yes, he was but a pretext! and this is why now for years the curiosity of the whole world has been wondering why this great case ever existed at all, and above all why, once the trial was permitted to occur, such efforts had been made first to obtain the condemnation, and secondly to maintain it.

All those who question me as to the causes, the origin, and the prolonged duration of this affair seem to ask me for the key of this mystery; in fact, in the four corners of the world the curiosity is the same; every one appears to be hypnotized in presence of an enigma, every one is wondering what is the primary cause behind this formidable conflict.

Let me reply immediately that there is no such single mysterious cause which can be summed up in a word or a formula, and which may serve as the magical "open sesame" of the enigma of this case, explaining its genesis.

The causes are multiple. They are latent, and many of them intangible. They lie dormant, so to say, in the depths of the consciousness, in the minds and souls of the original protagonists of this great drama, and they were mingled there with a hundred diverse emotions, and with sentiments of every sort, some of them of the noblest nature, some of them of the vilest, until finally, as if chemically combined, the *moment psychologique* of the formidable explosion arrived, and we are still being rocked by its echoes.

Alfred Dreyfus was one of the most remarkable pupils of the War-School. He had attracted considerable attention at the Polytechnic School, and had left behind him friendships which have survived all that has since occurred. One of his earliest friends, who is at present a high official at the Foreign Office, has never consented to repudiate the relations of esteem and affection which have remained as a protest against the infamies which have been poured out on the memory of the unfortunate officer. But when, after a hard struggle, he entered the War-School, he had lost, so to speak, that bloom of soul given by youth, and with it had gone the simplicity of enthusiasm, the single-eyed sincerity of youthful ambition, the wish to conquer simply for the pleasure of winning, and which requires not as an incentive the spectacle of others' envy to make him who is successful happy; he experienced a great pride for the victory, displayed a great disdain for those who had failed, and a great ambition to overcome the obstacles which might still bar his route. He cherished magnificent dreams. Now and then he let some of them escape him. He endeavored to put himself *en vedette*, to dazzle his chiefs, to rally about him all sorts of backers—to be, as the French say, *quelque-chose* before being *quelqu'un*. He created about him an atmosphere of ill-will and of irony, as a result of which, on leaving the school, he was given what is known as *la cote d'amour*—that is to say, a note solely dictated by the personal sympathy which the man to be judged inspires, a note merely summary and rather arbitrary, lowering, in the case of Dreyfus, his rank as a graduate; he came forth ninth on the list. General Miribel, then head of the General Staff, informed Colonel Sandherr that Dreyfus, who had quitted the school ninth on the list, ought to be given a place on the General Staff. Colonel Sandherr objected to the idea, and when General Miribel, who had been affected neither by the *cote d'amour* nor by the atmosphere of ill-will which surrounded him, insisted, the colonel exclaimed: "But he is a Jew! You are not going to make us bring a Jew in here!" Yet the Jew entered. He passed, like all the *stagiaires*, through the various bureaus, and he was keen to learn and to understand, cherishing always some ultimate, vast dream, paying no heed, moreover, absorbed as he was in the pursuit, to the generally hostile attitude of his comrades.

He was "the Jew." Rarely, in fact, was he described by any other term, and in the General Staff offices it had become a sort of mania to fling everything on his shoulders.

"Has any one seen a red note-book which I left on my table?" one day asked an officer whose name has been given me. And immediately another replied: "I saw the Jew sneaking round here. Ask him; he must have seen it." And thus, day by day, grew up in regard to him, slowly but surely, in the General Staff officers, a spirit of disdainful or hateful suspicion. This feeling was most rife in the statistical office, or Intelligence Department, at the espionage bureau, in fact.

This department, which forms part of the second bureau, is situated, so to speak, at an isolated point in the War Office. It is necessary that it should be possible to enter it without being seen by every one, and yet without access thereto being easy. It is, indeed, a sort of mysterious secret laboratory, the spider womb whence are thrown out in all directions the strands of the web in which to catch the unwary enemy. There it is that are bought the fruits of treason, and that denunciations are rewarded. Therein are admitted for long talks men who are not known or recognized outside the War-Office walls. And there, too, is the safe containing the portion of the secret funds attributed to this bureau, the gold springs which feed venal consciences.

A few days ago it was related that the secret *dossier* contained three portions, the third of which was full of forged documents and baseless sensational reports emanating from agents whom the Intelligence Department had taken quite seriously, and some of whom, shown up by the *Enquiry* of the Court of Cassation, have excited the scornful hilarity of the world. There has been general surprise that the members of the department could have taken such reports seriously. It was a mistake, however, to display this irony in regard to these men, who were perfectly well aware of the worth of these grotesque reports, and who paid at their proper price the forgeries fabricated by the Lemercier-Picart and the Guénée, prices which these men alone and their employers knew, and the figure of which was submitted to the control of no one outside the office. The money-box, mute and silent, was emptied under the exclusive and jealous direction of those to whose keeping it had been consigned, and what may give an idea of the impenetrably arbitrary character of the principles governing the division of the contents of the safe is the fact that Colonel Picquart, having been directed to ask the cabinet council for a supplement of 100,000 francs, did, indeed, obtain it, handed it over to General Billot, received from him 23,000 francs, but never afterwards, according to his own declarations, obtained a penny, nor any account of how the remaining 77,000 francs were spent.

It was in this mysterious bureau of statistics that Dreyfus met with the keenest hatred and suspicion. He was independent. He was in no need of money. He was of an inquisitive turn of mind. And there in this bureau "the Jew" was put, as it were, on the *index expurgatorius*, and looked upon as an enemy, who had surreptitiously wormed his way into the *place forte* of the second bureau of the General Staff.

Now after the German military attaché Villaume had managed to buy a subaltern employé at the War-Office, the French authorities had succeeded in establishing in Germany a system of counter-espionage, and it was mainly thereby that information was had as to whether Germany received secret documents from the French War-Office. Thus in 1894 it was learned, indeed, that documents from the General Staff bureau had reached Germany, but it was known that no really grave or dangerous documents could thus have gone astray.

One day a man in the pay of the second bureau stole out of the concierge's lodge at the German Embassy a paper package which had been put into Colonel Schwarzkoppen's pigeon-hole. This message was not handed over directly to Colonel Henry. The latter found it torn up in the paper *cornet* which habitually contained the small bits of paper brought from the waste-paper basket of the German Embassy. The contents of these papers were merely a statement or list, a sort of bill, of the documents given by Major Esterhazy to the German military attaché, of which the seller, like any experienced dealer, exaggerated the value, vaunting his goods.

When this paper fell into the hands of Colonel Henry it was too late to destroy it and to make way with it. But great ignorance was feigned as to the handwriting. Everybody would seem to have bent over this paper to try to recognize the handwriting. Any number of persons, subalterns or not, could have recognized it; no one did so. There were grave reasons for not revealing the existence of Esterhazy, for he might have told tales in his turn, as now for some months he has been threatening to do. It was necessary at all costs that Esterhazy's name should not be pronounced; and, in fact, it was not breathed, and the *affaire* was about to be "classed"—that is to say, the document was to be docketed and put aside as an insoluble problem—and thus there would have been no Dreyfus case—when Colonel d'Aboville unexpectedly returned from his leave of absence. Esterhazy, knowing the bordereau had been discovered, although certain the matter would be suppressed, was in an anxious frame of mind, and had asked Schwarzkoppen to come to his rescue. Colonel d'Aboville saved him.

On beholding the bordereau bill he exclaimed, "Why, it's Dreyfus's handwriting!"

And the exclamation resounded across the second bureau and went forth throughout the War-Office corridors. "It's the Jew! It's the Jew!" And they who knew better than any one else that it was not he, cried the loudest, "It's the Jew!"

And thereupon, among all the sworn enemies of Dreyfus, there grew up an ardent silent conspiracy, each with spontaneous zeal contributing to thicken the obscurity of the error, to prevent the daylight from dispelling the shadows. And then it was that du Paty de Clam, great palæographer as he fancied, aspired to the position of examining police magistrate, inventing the hideous and grotesque measures of getting at the truth. Then it was that the paid forgers began their work, and that General Mercier, whose mediocre intelligence and excessive ambition seconded these efforts, was convinced of the necessity of accusing Dreyfus.

This once obtained, the rest went off without any trouble. The whole General Staff lent its hand to the task, undertaking to protect itself by condemning Dreyfus. And even when he had been condemned, the work still went on. After his degradation Captain Lebrun-Renault was the first to fall a victim to this effect of general hypnotization. He let himself be persuaded that he had heard Dreyfus say something which resembled what he had said, but which he did not say, and the curious work of psychologic suggestion or *envoûtement* went on.

Ministers rose and fell, but the men of the General Staff went on forever, and each successive government underwent their pertinacious action. It was felt that the Jewish race everywhere would rise up with pain, with wrath, with shame. With slightest exception the Jews recall that it was France which was the scene of the dawn of their deliverance. The Jews of Alsace were doubly downcast, and in France, in certain cases, the shame and the sorrow, being changed into anger, was such that later on some of them took the side of the enemies of Dreyfus, and became all the bitterer as they betrayed their origin in betraying his cause.

But this Israelite agitation which rumbled across the globe disturbed the General Staff, which on its part continued, by forgeries and persuasion, to penetrate, infiltrate, those called upon to pass upon it, with the conviction that the case had been properly tried. Matters went on thus behind the scenes for two years, with a certain bitterness on both sides, and the first pamphlet of M. Bernard Lazare, "Une Erreur Judiciaire," awakened hardly any echoes, when the stillness was broken by the cry of M. Scheurer-Kestner and the denunciation of Mathieu Dreyfus. Yet even this could not have brought the *affaire* up out of its natural limits and aroused the whole world, without M. Zola's letter "J'accuse."

This letter was a violent rallying-cry forcing the matter out into the day, obliging those whom Zola attacked to brave the sunlight. It was courageous and decisive, but it was regrettable as well, for it provided those who are both the enemies of the race of Dreyfus and of the republic a means of making his cause a political lever. This is the origin of that most powerful and perfidious *mot d'ordre* which an opposition party can employ, a party, that is, which would upset a régime, and obtain office by clambering over its ruins; for it is from the Zola trial that dates the cry of *Vive l'Armée*. It was on the steps of the *Palais de Justice* that perhaps some heedless unwitting brute first uttered this cry of genius.

From that moment on Dreyfus became a "pretext." From that moment the enemies of the republic strove and have striven to paralyze its resistance, by taking as a pretext Dreyfus and his cause, and giving the government of the republic the deadly sense of its powerlessness since it has lost confidence in the loyal support of the army.

No, Dreyfus was not prosecuted because he is a Jew. But it was because he is a Jew that they banded against him, and that, from hatred or bad faith, this obstinate struggle has gone on for so long. And it is likewise because his cause is that of a Jew that the enemies of the republic have fallen in with those fanatical spirits which still survive from past ages of darkness, those lovers of malice and hatred, who offer their sinister subterranean resources to those who would upset existing institutions, and substitute therefor the incoherent work of chance.

I have done. I have no intention of playing the prophet. It is not a question of the trial of an individual, but of a régime. If Dreyfus is condemned, and if he is not condemned with such blinding clearness as will satisfy the conscience of the world, an immense irritation will spread throughout all civilized societies, for foreigners are actuated by no political interest, but see in Dreyfus merely a victim to be saved, and in this case the opening century might very likely bring to France a cruel and dangerous disappointment. If, on the contrary, Dreyfus is acquitted—and here, too, the universal conscience which has the right to speak demands equal clearness—the republic must show itself strong enough to repress rebellion, for this acquittal will be the signal of a supreme effort, a final uprising, and the government of the republic will totter and fall at the very moment when it shows itself incapable of imposing upon all Frenchmen respect for such a verdict.

The World of Finance

THE decision of the Secretary of the Treasury to resume the issue of gold certificates had a salutary effect on sentiment in Wall Street, though there is reason to believe that the importance of the decision was overestimated, since the only way in which it can add to the money-supply is by increasing the ease of transmission of funds. It must be remembered that the certificates are issued against gold actually held, and are therefore only in the nature of negotiable warehouse receipts. However, the rate for call loans began to show signs of easing up, and reports from the interior gave further testimony to the correctness of the theory that the demand on this centre for funds would be lessened materially by the abundant supply in the Middle West. With apprehension in regard to the money situation thus allayed, more attention was paid to the arguments for higher prices set forth in this article last week. Commission business, which had fallen to a low ebb, began to improve, which is equivalent to saying that buying orders were in excess of selling. Support was obtained, too, from the foreign markets, in which a number of issues of American corporations are dealt in. This was especially true of London, where there was also less anxiety regarding money rates. As the season for maturity of the crops approaches, it becomes more apparent that the yield of spring wheat and corn will be abundant, and the prices thus far obtained by the farmer average better than those that followed the collapse of the Leiter deal.

Perhaps the most interesting question in Wall Street this month, if precedent is followed, will be the amount of the fall distribution of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway Company on its common stock. When the last dividend was declared, in March, it was thought that the autumn dividend would be at the same rate —2½ per cent. This opinion was based on the knowledge of the conservative policy of the management, which had determined to expend large sums this year in permanent improvements, some of them of a very expensive character. Now, however, the belief is gaining strength that an extra dividend of at least one-half per cent. will be declared. An examination of the earnings of last year discloses that this belief has at least reasonable basis, for the company earned in excess of 10 per cent. applicable to dividends on the common stock, after meeting all charges, including the 7-per-cent. dividend on the preferred stock and heavy outlays on the plant. In fact, the company has never had so prosperous a year, and is financially strong enough to reward its stockholders for their trust and confidence in the past. There is no better example in the country of what may be accomplished by conservative and painstaking management. The Burlington dividend will also be due quite soon; but as to that there is little doubt, and the Rock Island date is too far ahead to permit discussion yet as to what the directors will do. It will be seen, however, that the "Grangers" are likely to be among the active stocks this autumn. Nowhere has the application of true business methods to railway management been more productive of good results than in the case of the anthracite-coal roads. In the place of the constant bickerings and breaches of contract that marked the relations with each other of the railroad companies engaged in the mining and transportation of anthracite coal, we have harmony, in which each does a share of the business according to its capacity, and all is done on terms that give a fair return for the commodities sold. In the former cutting of prices the public represented by the security-holders suffered, while the public represented by the private consumers got but little benefit of the cuts, this gain going into the pockets of the dealers. The advantage of such friendliness in rivalry is seen in the prices at which the stocks of these roads are now selling, and it is hoped that the efforts making to bring order out of the chaotic situation among the companies interested in bituminous coal may be successful. Regarding the railroads in the far Northwest there is still enough doubt as to the outcome of the rival territorial claims to check speculation in their securities, but they are all showing well as to earnings. The Southern roads are all prosperous, the earnings of the Southern Railway Company in particular being most gratifying. The annual report of this company is about due in pamphlet form, and in October a dividend of 1 per cent. will be paid on the preferred stock, which in future will receive dividends semi-annually in April and October. No more than 1 per cent. may be looked for in the coming October, though the earnings alone would justify more if the management should abandon the policy of building up its surplus as a preparation for possible lean years. As noted last week, the Industrials are looked upon with more favor, but discrimination continues to be shown. The action of some of them in making public their earnings will tend more than anything else to restore confidence in them, and this course will doubtless be adopted by all of them whose operations will bear scrutiny.

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Street Fairs in Ohio Cities

WHEN the Chief of Police in Jersey City suggested recently that certain blocks of asphalted streets be roped off at night and given up to dancing by the populace generally, it was thought that he had hit upon a novel and unique method of giving pleasure to the masses in our cities. Chief Murphy got the idea from watching children dance on the asphalt to the tunes of street pianos, and it occurred to him that if wagon traffic could be stopped for several hours of an evening on certain blocks, not only the children, but the older folks would come out and pass a pleasant evening in dancing and promenading. He even suggested that bands could be hired, by subscription or otherwise, and that the monotony of city life could be brightened by an evening carnival on the street, with lights and music, and dancing by all who cared to join. The moral side of the question appealed to him. He said such open-air dancing would be less harmful by far to young people, conducted in the sight of all who cared to look on, than dancing in obscure halls or in gloomy picnic-grounds.

It now appears that Chief Murphy was somewhat behind the times. In its restless desire for the novel in its amusements, the central West has seized upon parts of the streets in certain cities, particularly in Ohio, and a new craze is now engaging the attention of the masses. It is the "street-fair craze," and it has already been a success in Columbus, Cleveland, Dayton, Springfield, Akron, Chillicothe, and other places. The municipality gives the use of a certain number of blocks at night for these open-air fêtes, and the proceeds go to charity—usually some hospital fund.

These fairs have almost outrivalled the old-time institution, the county fair, in their popularity. They are so new and so close to the homes of thousands that they attract great crowds. The possibility of decoration, something little known in county fairs, is another attraction. Merchants find them useful for advertising purposes, and all shades of society join in the pleasure. They usually last a week, and the attendance is said to be as high as 100,000 on an average.

The managers of these enterprises are not slow to seize upon all popular means of swelling their receipts. Invariably there is a "midway" with performances, the least said about which the better. One finds all sorts of fakirs selling gewgaws and other trifles. Circus lemonade is in evidence on every hand. The animal shows attract wide attention. The Ferris wheel does a good business; the merry-go-rounds clatter and whir; the "floats" and stands of advertising merchants bring in a profitable return.

To give these fairs what might be called a social standing, they usually start off with a "floral parade," in which what is known as the "exclusive set" goes on show at considerable expense to itself and with great gratification to the masses. For the sake of charity, society women frequently consent to further participation in the festivities by selling chewing-gum and peanuts and candy to all who wish to buy. The aristocracy of the place touches elbows with the masses, and in the general good feeling that results the coffers of the charity selected as a beneficiary are swelled.

It is customary to place freaks of various kinds, real and made-up, on exhibition, and among the attractions frequently are public weddings. When the bride and bridegroom are negroes there is general hilarity at these ceremonies. Merchants vie with one another, for the sake of the advertisement involved, in a competition of donating wedding outfits to the happy couple. Recently one negro couple received enough furniture to start a boarding-house. They also received three "honey-moon railroad passes." The bridegroom received sufficient clothing to last him for two years or more. The household goods included supplies of every sort that might be useful, and the bride and bridegroom willingly submitted to the notoriety for the sake of the material prosperity that came to them. On this occasion it was advertised that the wedding ceremony would take place in a lion's cage. The bridegroom objected to that at the last moment, and the knot was tied on a platform in view of thousands, after which the couple were escorted to their home by a brass band and a great crowd. That was a wedding to delight a happy negro pair, and it far surpassed the joys of being married in a balloon —one of the commonest diversions in the Western county fair.

It is not likely that street fairs will ever have much vogue in the East. Originally they were gotten up by merchants to advertise their wares, but the people seized upon them as a means of public enjoyment, and also to aid deserving charitable institutions. The so-called exclusive conditions of society in the East probably would not permit of assimilation, even for charity, in such a democratic way, but it shows that Chief Murphy was not wrong in suggesting that there are vast possibilities for public enjoyment in asphalt pavements, especially if they are roped off at night, and there are music and bright-colored lights and lanterns to help in the enjoyment.